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JOHN M. McBRYDE, JR.



January, 1917

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# The Sewanee Review

Sewanee, Tennessee

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# THE SEWANEE REVIEW

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[No. 1

## THE KENNEDY PAPERS

A SHEAF OF UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON IRVING

Not the least among the novelists of the Old South was John Pendleton Kennedy. His *Horseshoe Robinson* enjoyed in its day, and justly, a popularity second to that of no other Southern novel of the time. And his *Swallow Barn* and *Rob of the Bowl*,—the one a series of sketches and tales after the manner of the *Sketch Book*, the other an ultra-romantic story of colonial Maryland,—though inferior to *Horseshoe Robinson*, compare favorably, nevertheless, with the work of any other novelist of the antebellum South, save that of William Gilmore Simms. But Kennedy deserves to be remembered on still other grounds. He gave us in his biography of Wirt one of the best biographies yet produced in the South; he was a gifted lawyer and a statesman of widely recognized ability; he was Secretary of the Navy for a short time under Fillmore; and—what is of peculiar interest to us to-day—he was the friend of most of the leading men of letters in America in his century and of not a few writers of distinction from foreign parts. He was the early friend and patron of Poe; he was the warm friend of Irving and of Willis; and he was on terms of friendly intercourse with Cooper, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Paulding, Prescott, Wilde, Everett, Simms, Halleck, and Bayard Taylor, among Americans, and with Dickens, Thackeray, Landor, Lever, Rogers, and G. P. R. James, among English writers of his day.

The best record that we have of Kennedy's literary friendships is furnished by his correspondence, some thousands of letters bequeathed by him to the Peabody Library at Baltimore. Kennedy died in 1870, but one of the conditions of his bequest

was that his papers, including the manuscript volumes of his novels and other works, his diaries and journals, together with his correspondence, should be "packed away in a strong walnut box, closed and locked," and be preserved "unopened until the year 1900." This provision of his will was faithfully executed by the custodians of these papers, and it was not until less than ten years ago that they were first made accessible to the public.

The most valuable and the most interesting single series of letters in the Kennedy collection is that written by Washington Irving. These are twenty-nine in number, the bulk of them addressed to Kennedy himself, the remainder to members of his family,—either to Mrs. Kennedy, or to her father, Edward Gray, or to the novelist's niece, Mary Kennedy. They range in date from 1833 to 1859.

Kennedy and Irving first met in June, 1832, at a dinner given in the latter's honor by Josias Pennington in Baltimore.<sup>1</sup> They met again the following January in Washington,<sup>2</sup> and frequently during the next spring, when Irving spent three weeks at Baltimore; and during the summer of the same year they contrived to be together for a few days at Saratoga Springs. During the next nineteen years they met but infrequently, it appears: the only letter of Irving's for this period that is preserved in the Kennedy collection being that of November 8, 1846. But early in the winter of 1853 Irving made a visit of several weeks to Washington, where he was entertained at Kennedy's home. There were other visits during the same year (Irving being engaged at the time on his *Life of Washington*), and their friendship now ripened into an intimacy which was to end only with Irving's death in 1859.

Eleven of the Irving letters have already been published, either in whole or in part,—two of them by Tuckerman in his

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<sup>1</sup> Not, as P. M. Irving has it in his *Life of Irving* (III, p. 50), in the following winter. In his diary under date of June 18, 1832, Kennedy has this entry: "Dined with Washington Irving at Pennington's. He passes but two days in Baltimore, and promises to return in the fall."

<sup>2</sup> On January 31, 1833, Kennedy wrote to his wife from Washington: "My dear Puss. . . . Washington Irving is here, and will after the great guns are fired come to Baltimore for a few days. He is not courting McLane's daughter."



*Life of Kennedy*, nine by Pierre M. Irving in the four-volume biography of his distinguished uncle; and these are not here reprinted. The remaining eighteen letters, together with an extract from a letter heretofore printed only in part, are now published for the first time. To these are added a letter from one of Irving's nephews to Kennedy apprizing him of Irving's death, an extract from one of Kennedy's letters to Irving, and sundry extracts from Kennedy's diary and journals.<sup>3</sup>

*Irving to Kennedy*

MY DEAR SIR,—I had hoped to have seen and thanked you personally before this, for the very acceptable present of *Swallow Barn*, as well as for the flattering tenor of the note which accompanied it. Believe me, my dear sir, the sentiments of esteem and regard which you so kindly express are most fully reciprocated, and I shall always be proud to be considered among the number of your friends.

Very truly yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.<sup>4</sup>

BALTIMORE, Tuesday, Feb. 24, 1833.

NEW YORK, May 18, 1835.

MY DEAR KENNEDY,—Let me introduce to you my particular friend, Mr. Abm. Schermerhorn, who with his daughter will pass a few days in your city. Any attention you may be able to show them during their stay will add to the many friendly obligations you have already conferred on

Yours ever, WASHINGTON IRVING.

NEW YORK, June 5, 1835.<sup>5</sup>

MY DEAR KENNEDY,— . . . . I regret that I shall not be able to join you on your Canadian tour, my operations in Wall Street being of so complicated and momentous a nature as to require my constant presence. If you can spare a few days in passing through New York, I may be able to fit you out with a small travelling fortune, as they are daily made here of all sizes to suit candidates. In the meantime keep all these business hints a profound secret; if you don't I'll give the Horse Shoe such a hammering that all Wall Street shall ring with it.

With kindest remembrances to Mrs. Kennedy, Yours very truly,

W. I.

<sup>3</sup> I wish hereby to make grateful acknowledgement to the officials of the Peabody Library for their courtesy in granting me permission to publish these papers.

<sup>4</sup> These letters have been "edited" for punctuation and capitalization, but not, in every instance, for spelling, some of Irving's vagaries in spelling being both interesting and enlightening.

<sup>5</sup> This letter is given in part by Tuckerman, *Life of Kennedy*, p. 169, being there inaccurately dated June 5, 1836. Kennedy had recently submitted to Irving a copy (perhaps in proofs) of his *Horseshoe Robinson*, which was about to appear. The American edition of this novel was dedicated to Irving; the English edition to Samuel Rogers.

NEW YORK, June 9th, 1835.

MY DEAR KENNEDY,—Mr. Schermerhorn has been proposing to me to join in the purchase of some property at Baltimore, consisting of certain wharfs and buildings on Fells Point, owned by Robt. Gilmore, Geo. Waters, and others. I send a rough sketch of the premises on the last page.<sup>6</sup> The price asked by Mr. Gilmore is \$40,000. Will you have the kindness to enquire about this property and to let me have your opinion about it as soon as possible? I wish to know what rent it would produce immediately; what are the probabilities as to its future value; whether it is likely to be affected either favorably or unfavorably by public improvements, such as new streets, docking out, filling up, etc. I beg you to consider this matter seriously—to make your inquiries quietly; not to mention my name in the matter—nor indeed to say anything about the plan of purchase. From your late letter I see you think me infected by the fever of speculation, and this present request may confirm you in the opinion; but I am seeking merely to invest my very moderate means in some secure manner, that may yield something of an income, and give me a chance of moderate increase. I have no eagerness for wealth; but I have others dependent upon me for whom I have to provide. My operations in the stock market are merely to shift my funds from one kind of stock to another, of a safer character. I now wish to invest a part in real estate having some tangible value and being less likely to sudden depreciation than insurance or bank stock, and secure from total loss. Such is the amount of my bubble blowing.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Kennedy,

Yours ever,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25th, 1835.

MY DEAR KENNEDY,—I have just received your most kind and considerate letter, and reply on the spot. I have not lost more than a gentleman ought to lose in so general a calamity.<sup>7</sup> I had three thousand dollars in the Guardian Fire Insurance company, which is bankrupt. I could not have shown my face in this suffering community with a less loss. My brother had fortunately removed his counting house to another street. He has lost about a couple of thousand dollars of insurance stock, which is the amount of his misfortune. Poor Brevoort is in for about \$50,000. He had two stores burnt, one just finished, and held much Fire Insurance stock. He feels his loss rather sorely; but will soon get over it; for he has an ample fortune left. My brother, the Judge, who has just got home, leaving his son Treat in Paris, estimates his loss at about forty thousand dollars. One of his sons tells me he does not really think his father's loss, when all matters are settled, will amount to much more than half that sum. As the Judge, however, is a little tenacious on the subject, we allow him the full extent of misfortune that he claims, and only console him with hinting that he has a deep purse to sustain it. In fact, the calamity is so general and there are so many on which

<sup>6</sup>This appears on the third page of the letter, and is followed by the sentence: "The above is a mere rough sketch, without any regard to proportions."

<sup>7</sup>The reference is to the great fire in New York on December 16, 1835, in which seventeen blocks in the heart of the city were destroyed (see the *New York Times* of December 17, 1835).

it falls heavily and incurably, that those who suffer but partially can expect little sympathy; nor indeed do they seem to require any. I never saw people bear a heavy blow more bravely than my fellow citizens do in general. After all, the evil falls most grievously in quarters that are less ostensible to the public eye—on retired people, of respectable standing and moderate means, who had the greatest part of their limited funds invested in the Fire Insurance Company; for this was a favorite stock with those of small capital, who required a large percentage to produce a decent income. Many widows and single females of genteel connexions, who are keeping up a respectable appearance on the proceed[s] of such investments, are suddenly reduced to perfect indigence. If any public relief be extended, I trust it will reach such cases.

I am scrawling this letter off in the greatest haste, having to write half a dozen others by this mail. Give my kindest remembrances to your dear blessed [mutilated], whom, I trust you continue properly to appreciate; also to the worthy editor under the hill and his little spouse. You are two of the luckiest married men that I know of—and two of the very few whose lot makes me sometimes repine at being a bachelor.

Yours ever, my dear Kennedy,  
WASHINGTON IRVING.

JOHN P. KENNEDY, ESQ.

P. S.—I had nearly forgot to wish you all a Merry Christmas.

—  
SUNNYSIDE, NOV. 8, 1846.

MY DEAR KENNEDY,—My nephew, Lewis G. Irving, visits your city with the view to solicit an agency at New York of one of the Baltimore insurance companies. He has thorough knowledge of the business, having acted as secretary to two companies. He bears testimonials to his fitness for the charge and to his general merits from many of the best houses in our city. To them I can add my own assurances of his sound judgment, great discretion, thorough business habits, and scrupulous integrity. As I have his success greatly at heart, I shall esteem it a great favor to myself if you will exert your influence in his favor.

I had thought to have been at Baltimore before this, on my way to Washington, but I feel so thoroughly delighted at finding myself once more in my little nest on the Hudson, that I cannot bear to budge from it even for a day.<sup>8</sup> Besides [?], I have no immediate business to call me to Washington, so I defer my visit there to a future day; when I shall stop to see my Baltimore friend, and hope to find you and Mrs. Kennedy as well and happy as your hearts can wish. Present Mrs. Kennedy my kindest remembrances, and believe me ever, my dear Kennedy,

Most truly and cordially yours,  
WASHINGTON IRVING.

J. P. KENNEDY, ESQ.

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<sup>8</sup> It will be recalled that he had been absent for the past four years in Europe, as Minister to Spain.

SUNNYSIDE, April 27th, 1851.

MY DEAR KENNEDY,—The recent death of a brother-in-law must plead my apology for declining the invitation of the Maryland Historical Society;<sup>9</sup> but, to tell you the truth, I have a nervous horror of all public dinners and other occurrences of the kind when I may be called on for a speech or a toast, or in any way to play the part of a notoriety; and I avoid them as much as possible.

It would give me great delight to meet you and a friend or two in a social way, and I hope to do so some time or other on my way to or from Washington, where I shall have to go some time or other to make researches in the archives of the Department of State; but when that will be, I cannot say. I have been kept from Washington by the rancorous discussions and disputes about this detestable slave question. I wish to heavens nature would restore to the poor negroes their tails and settle them in their proper place in the scale of creation. It would be a great relief to both them and the abolitionists, and I see no other way of settling the question effectually.

Give my kind remembrances to Mrs. Kennedy, and believe me ever

Yours very truly, WASHINGTON IRVING.

#### *Extracts from Kennedy's Diary*

(Saratoga Springs, July 17, 1852.)—Washington Irving came yesterday from his cottage at Sunnyside, with Moses Grinnell and Pierre Irving and their wives. He came over to our cottage after tea and sat two hours with us in a delightful mood of conversation. It is many years since he had met E.<sup>10</sup> and the family—I had seen him more frequently. He is with us again this morning, until near twelve, when he and his party set out for Lake George and Canada.

(*Ibid.*, July 20, 1852.)—Washington Irving returns from Lake George, having abandoned his tour into Canada. . . . He says he came to spend a few days here with us. I regret that I am to leave here just at this time.<sup>11</sup>

#### *Irving to Kennedy*

NEW YORK, Dec. 31st, 1852.

MY DEAR KENNEDY,—My engagements in these parts extend to the 12th of January, within a day or two after which I shall shape my course to Washington to take possession of that "very comfortable room" which you

<sup>9</sup> This invitation had been conveyed by Kennedy to Irving in a letter of April 25. Others who were invited to this function—a dinner given by the Maryland Historical Society on May 10—were Griswold, Simms, Sir Henry Bulwer, Martin F. Tupper, and President Fillmore.

<sup>10</sup> "E." is Kennedy's wife, Elizabeth.

<sup>11</sup> Kennedy had just received a letter from President Fillmore tendering him the Navy portfolio in his cabinet, and he was leaving for Washington at once.

say Mrs. Kennedy has kindly prepared for me. I shall not fail to stop on the way to see Mr. and Miss Gray, and will apprise you in time of the day of my departure.<sup>12</sup>

With kindest remembrances to Mrs. Kennedy,

Yours, my dear Kennedy, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

P. S.—My address is Dearman, Westchester Co. Your letter lingered at Dobbs Ferry, with which I have no dealings.

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*Extracts from Kennedy's Journal*

(Washington, Jan. 19, 1853.)—I drive to the depot to meet Washington Irving, who comes to make me a visit, and bring him home. . . . Irving is a little fatigued by travel, and is not much in the talking humor this evening.

(Jan. 26, 1853.)—In the evening the President's levée, where we all go. Irving a great lion to-night.

(Feb. 27, 1853.)—Irving has been with me all this time, and is enjoying himself greatly to his own and our satisfaction. Thackeray arrived here a fortnight ago, and has been delivering his lectures here and in Baltimore. . . . I have heard Thackeray's lectures several nights and with great pleasure. He dined with me yesterday. Besides Irving and the family I had Corwin and Stuart to meet him. Irving and I dined with him this evening at Boulanger's eating-house.

(March 8, 1853.)—[The retiring cabinet call at Kennedy's house to] make their respects to Mrs. Kennedy. . . . Irving is present and says they are fine fellows. . . . At three, having dined, Irving and Mrs. Hare get with us into the carriage. Irving on his return to New York. . . . Poor Irving is very sad at parting with the family, and sheds tears.

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*Irving to Kennedy*

WASHINGTON, March 7th, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR,—Being on the eve of my departure homeward I take the liberty of speaking a word in behalf of my nephew, William Irving, at present a clerk in the Census office. Of the ability with which he has discharged the duties of that office of which for some time he had the principal management, I have the most satisfactory assurances from those competent to judge.

WASHINGTON IRVING.<sup>13</sup>

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<sup>12</sup> He did not reach Kennedy's home in Washington until January 19, having been detained for a week, by a snow-storm, in New York, and having spent two days on the way down at the home of Kennedy's father-in-law in Baltimore. See for an interesting account of his trip down and of his reception in Baltimore, Irving's *Life*, IV, pp. 123 f.

<sup>13</sup> This letter appears to have been hurriedly written. The signature, which is in pencil, is, perhaps, not in Irving's autograph.

A letter written by Irving on March 11, 1853, to Mrs. Kennedy—a fine letter, making gracious acknowledgement of her kindness and hospitality during his visit—is printed by P. M. Irving (*Life*, IV, pp. 135 f.).



*Irving to Mrs. Kennedy*

SUNNYSIDE, April 2d, 1853.

MY DEAR MRS. KENNEDY,—I have been extremely shocked by the death of our amiable and excellent friend, Mrs. Fillmore; especially as I am inclined to think she in a manner received the death-blow when standing by my side on the marble terrace of the Capitol, in snow and cold, listening to the inaugural speech of her husband's successor. What sad domestic bereavements have visited the two presidents, one just before entering upon office, the other just after leaving it! I feel deeply for the affliction of the amiable Fillmore family; the loss of such a member—so gentle, so good, so kind in all her ways. This melancholy event of course puts an end to the Southern tour and leaves your husband to the quiet of his library; which must be most grateful to him after his late hurried and somewhat harrassed life—though I believe he is of a constitution of mind not easily harrassed.<sup>14</sup> As you tell me I must write to you instead of him, you must be the medium of my reply to his letters. Tell him I received his two printed addresses which he sent to me,<sup>15</sup> and suffered them to lie for a long time on my table unread—I had so many things to attend to on my return that I had not leisure—and to tell the truth I had not inclination. Somehow or other I did not expect much enjoyment from them, not being a great amateur of addresses. At length I took them one night to my chamber and read them in bed. Never was I more agreeably disappointed. The address about Baltimore interested me in the early part by the anecdotes of the early history and wonderful growth of the city; told, too, with pleasant dashes of humor—and it warmed and delighted me by the noble manner in which it wound up; but the strange story of the poor poet weaver [?] Thom—his sore struggles with penury and the strange mixture of poetical excitement with utter wretchedness—completely took me by surprise. I do not know anything of the kind that ever excited me more. I had to stop repeatedly to wipe away the tears that blinded me. Never has Kennedy written anything with better tact and better feeling. It made my heart throb toward him. My nieces are now crying over the story and learning to love the writer of it.

I have just received a very kind and friendly letter from Mr. Winthrop announcing a volume of his writings which he has sent me, but which has not yet arrived. He appears to look back, like myself, with very pleasant recollections on the time we sojourned together under your roof at Washington and first became acquainted with each other, and it is one of the many agreeable circumstances connected with my visit that it has linked me in friendship with a gentleman of his talent, cultivation, and refinement. But in fact, now that I have sunk back again into my quiet elbow-chair at Sunnyside, that whole visit begins to appear to me an agreeable dream, and I sit and muse and try to call up one fleeting recollection after another, and bring back the images of worth and beauty that passed before me in constant

<sup>14</sup>The spelling is Irving's. Other obsolete or irregular spellings that occur in his letters are: *intamacy*, *Fillmore*, *affraid*, *holyday*, *negociate*, and *christal*.

<sup>15</sup>From Kennedy's journal, under date of April 3, 1853, we learn that these were his "address before the Mechanics Institute giving a history of Baltimore and [his] address before the Asbury Sabbath School."

succession in the phantasmagoria of Washington. The charm of all was the happy home in which I was placed, where the feelings might rally back to domestic life from the whirl of dissipation. I could never have stood the tumult and excitement of Washington if quartered in one of its tower of Babel hotels, but your house was like a gleam of my own home, and I could always fancy you and Mary Kennedy two of my nieces. By the way, I have sent Mary a set of my works to accompany my lithographed likeness which she asked. I hope they arrived safe. I told my publisher to direct them to her father's at Charlestown in Jefferson county.

Farewell, my dear Mrs. Kennedy. Give my most heartfelt remembrances to your worthy father, your sister, and Kennedy; I hope, now that the latter has given up his tour, you may all keep together and so make each other happy.

Affectionately your friend, WASHINGTON IRVING.<sup>16</sup>

### *Extracts from Kennedy's Journal*

(Baltimore, June 13, 1853.)—The mail brings a letter from Washington Irving saying that he has been too close in his studies, and that his physician having directed him to run away from them, he has taken the order and will be with us this evening, ready for a frisk with me to the mountains of Virginia. . . . I go at 6 to the Philadelphia depot—but Irving is not there.

(June 14, 1853.)—Irving arrives at two, having stopped last night in Philadelphia. He looks very well—somewhat too full—plethoric. . . . He is received [at Kennedy's country home, Patapsco] with all the kindness the family feel for him, and sits down to tea and strawberries and cream, very happy amongst a fine bevy of young girls.

(June 19, 1853.)—Irving and I set out to-morrow morning for Virginia.<sup>17</sup>

(Berkeley Springs, June 29, 1853.)—I take Irving to the Bowling Alley, where he plays for the first time in his life, and is quite fascinated with the game, having achieved wonders in one or two ten-strikes. He says he must have an alley set up at home,—that is, he says, at Grinnell's, which adjoins him at Sunnyside.

(June 30, 1853.)—We bathe and bowl.

(Charlestown, July 4, 1853.) Dag<sup>18</sup> sends his carriage for me, and in due time I am seated with his family and Irving in the Hall enjoying the pleasant change of the weather. Irving is delighted at the escape from Bath. He is delivered, he says, from the Land of Egypt and the House of Bondage.

[On July 6 they began their return trip to Kennedy's country home, and

<sup>16</sup> Two letters of April 24, 1853—one to Mrs. Kennedy, the other to Mr. Gray—are printed by P. M. Irving in the fourth volume of his *Life* (pp. 143 f.).

<sup>17</sup> They left Baltimore, as scheduled, on the following day, going first to Charlestown, where they visited Audley, the home of Mrs. Washington Lewis, and consulted certain private papers of General Washington that Irving wished to see. Kennedy's account of this visit and of the impression made upon Irving by the "negro establishments" at Audley is printed in full by Tuckerman (*Life*, pp. 358 f.).

<sup>18</sup> Kennedy's younger brother, Andrew.

on July 11 Irving left Baltimore for his home at Sunnyside. Ten days later Kennedy went on to Saratoga, but stopped for a day or two in New York, where Irving joined him for the time being.]

(New York, July 20, 1853.)—Irving is in town expecting us, and dines with us. After dinner the ladies, taking Irving and myself, drive up Broadway to Stewart's to shop. Irving and I lounge through those immense rooms wondering and admiring at the magnificence of the establishment. We are watched by persons appointed to keep a lookout, evidently under the apprehension that we may be a pair of respectable-looking sharpers who might find opportunity to pocket a piece of lace or other pocketable matter. After that we dine at the Chrystal<sup>19</sup> Palace.<sup>20</sup>

### *Irving to Kennedy*

SUNNYSIDE, Aug. 28th, 1853.

MY DEAR KENNEDY,—I find, by your most welcome letter, that you must be now in New York, to remain there part of this week. I am too weak to come down; for though the fever has been cast forth, by the aid of a High German doctor, it has left my unfortunate stomach in such a state that I have scarce tasted food for nine days past, and I am reduced almost to poetical dimensions. Still I am gradually regaining strength, and shall be able to receive you cheerily if you and my dear Mrs. Kennedy will pay me that visit of which you give me hopes. The sight of you both would be a real restorative. I only regret that the state of Mr. Gray's health will not permit him and Miss Gray to accompany you. Why cannot you both come up on Tuesday? A train leaves the Chambers Street Station at 10 o'clock which will land you at Dearman between 11 and 12, where my carriage will be waiting for you. We dine at 3 o'clock, and a train starts from Dearman at 6 o'clock which will take you down. I trust we can make your time pass pleasantly while you are up here, and you cannot imagine what pleasure your visit will give us all. Let me know by my nephew, Mr. Pierre M. Irving, who will take this, whether we are to expect you.<sup>21</sup>

<sup>19</sup> Kennedy's spelling.

<sup>20</sup> On August 1, as we learn from Kennedy's journal, Irving joined Kennedy at Saratoga, and about the middle of the month they spent several days together at Niagara, after which Irving returned home. Kennedy left Saratoga for New York on August 26.

<sup>21</sup> Kennedy accepted this gracious invitation and paid Irving a visit at Sunnyside on August 30, 1853. He makes this entry in his journal touching his visit: "Irving is just recovering from a severe attack of fever which has greatly reduced him since we parted at Niagara. He is very cheerful and exceedingly gratified at our visit. . . . Irving lives very happily here, a kind-hearted gentleman with the reverence and authority of a patriarch in this his adopted family. . . . At parting with Irving he promised us another visit at Patapaco about the end of September."

Irving visited Kennedy again in October (see Kennedy's letter of September 22, 1853, published by Tuckerman, pp. 381 f.). He reached Baltimore on October 2, and on October 13 set out with Kennedy on a visit to Virginia, going to Charlestown, Martinsburg, and Winchester, among other places, and stopping *en route* at Greenway Court (see Tuckerman, pp. 238 f.). They returned to Baltimore on October 22, and two days later Irving was called home by the death of James B. King, co-executor with him of the Astor estate.

I am very sorry to learn that Mr. Gray has had a touch of asthma while in the country; but hope he will be well enough to enjoy his visit to the city. I need not say how truly delighted I should be should he be able to venture up here with you.

With affectionate regard[s] to all your party,

Yours sincerely, dear Kennedy,

JOHN P. KENNEDY, ESQ.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

*Irving to Mrs. Kennedy*

SUNNYSIDE, NOV. 11th, 1853.

MY DEAR MRS. KENNEDY,—I am shocked at what you tell me—that old Phil<sup>22</sup> has cut his master off with a shilling! I think it would not have happened had I been in Baltimore. I flatter myself that Phil has a kindness for me, and think I could have prevailed on him to forgive your father on condition of his never enquiring again into the state of the larder. As to your sister's injunction that Phil's burst of noble ire "is all owing to his young wife," it is just of a piece with her persecution of that virtuous couple. Her whole conduct in regard to this little African love story has been barbarous and might furnish a supplementary chapter to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* when it goes to a fiftieth edition. The winding up of the chapter, however, would be a triumph to Mrs. Stowe, and on recording Phil's lofty discharge of his old master, she might exclaim with Zanga "Afric, thou art revenged!"

How comes on the "House that Jack built"—or is to build? . . . [The rest of this paragraph may be found in Tuckerman's *Life of Kennedy*, pp. 144-5.]

Of late I have gratified my building propensity in a small way by putting up a cottage for my gardener and his handsome wife and have indulged in other unprofitable improvements incident to a gentleman cultivator. A pretty country retreat is like a pretty wife—one is always throwing away money on decorating it. Fortunately I have but one of those two drains on the purse, and so do not repine.

I see you are again throwing out lines to tempt me back to Baltimore—and sending me messages from Mary Dulaney and dear little Lu.<sup>23</sup> And I have a letter from Mr. Andrew Kennedy inviting me to come to Cassilis<sup>24</sup> and the Shenandoah when I am tired of the Hudson. Ah me! I am but mortal man and but too easily tempted—and I begin to think you have been giving me love powder among you—I feel such a hankering toward the South. But be firm, my heart! I have four blessed nieces at home hanging about my neck and several others visiting me and holding me by the skirts. How can I tear myself from them? Domestic affection forbids it!

And so with kindest remembrances to your father, sister, and husband and lots of love to Mary Dulaney and "Lu,"

Yours affectionately,  
WASHINGTON IRVING.

<sup>22</sup> "Old Phil" was Mr. Gray's "factotum and valley-de-sham" (see Irving's fine description of him in P. M. Irving's *Life*, IV, p. 124).

<sup>23</sup> Neighbors and friends of the Kennedys and Grays. "Lu" was Miss Louisa Andrews.

<sup>24</sup> The home of Kennedy's mother in Jefferson Co., near Charlestown, West Virginia.

## Irving to Kennedy

SUNNYSIDE, Dec. 20th, 1853.

MY DEAR KENNEDY,—It would give me the greatest delight to attend the anniversary dinner of your Historical Society, having, as you know, a sneaking kindness for all gastronomical solemnities of the kind; but all great dinners are strictly forbidden me by a homeopathic physician, who has my head in his hands, and is poisoning me into a healthy state of the brain by drachms and scruples. As to oratorical display, which you hold out as a bait to me, I believe it is my bane. I don't believe I have yet got over my last attempt of the kind: it was at the meeting at which Bryant read his eulogium on Fenimore Cooper. I had to announce from the stage that Mr. Webster was to preside for the evening. I made a speech of nearly a minute, with but one break down, but the pangs of delivery were awful.

I beg you will make an apology for me to the Society in your best manner. Say something handsome about my great respect for the institution: my veneration for Maryland in general, my love for Baltimore in particular, and if you can introduce something spicy about the siege, and the various achievements of the Baltimore volunteers (yourself among the number), so much the better.<sup>25</sup>

You do not tell me whether the rupture between Mr. Gray and old Phil still continues, and whether, like that between the Czar and the Turk, it is almost beyond the healing powers of diplomacy. I rather think I shall have to come on and negotiate, and if I can only prevail upon old Phil to take Mr. Gray again into favor, we will kill a fatted calf on the occasion.

With affectionate remembrances to Gray and the two ladies, I remain as ever, my dear Kennedy,

Yours truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

J. P. KENNEDY, ESQ.

SUNNYSIDE, June 29th, 1854.

MY DEAR KENNEDY,—Your letter is perfectly satisfactory as explaining Mrs. Kennedy's silence and relieving me from some apprehensions on her own account; having heard that you had been suddenly summoned home from your feasting and speech-making by intelligence of her indisposition.<sup>26</sup> I trust your presence has restored her to health, and your writing to me has quieted her conscience, and that you are now enabled to take your hat and walk out on the *Pont Neuf* whenever you please. I am really glad that you have got home safe and well from your Southern tour; which, from all that

<sup>25</sup> This letter was written in response to a letter of Kennedy's, of December 18, 1853, inviting Irving to a dinner to be given under the auspices of the Maryland Historical Society.

A letter from Irving of date February 21, 1854, to Mrs. Kennedy, touching a recent illness of Kennedy's, is printed by P. M. Irving, IV, pp. 170 f.

<sup>26</sup> The reference is to a letter of Kennedy's of June 19, 1854 (preserved in his letter-copies), in which he states that Mrs. Kennedy has been in the hands of a physician. Kennedy had been absent from Baltimore for two months or more on a trip to the West and South with ex-President Fillmore (see Tuckerman, pp. 241 f.).



I have seen reported of it in the papers, must have been very satisfactory. I went down town to see Mr. Filmore; but he had set off for home an hour or two before my visit.

I am very much struck with the illustration which accompanies your letter, setting forth the new tower to the chateau on the Patapsco. It is something to inspire romance and if I were a year or two younger and were not troubled with chills and fever and a villanous catarrh, I should be tempted to take your hint and attempt a [. . . .]<sup>27</sup>, especially if your wife and Miss Gray would promise to appear at the hanging balcony.

This has been rather an unfortunate season with me, having had two returns of my old complaint of chills and fever, the last just as I was on my way to attend a wedding of a grand niece, at which all the ten tribes of the family were assembled. However, I have had the young couple to pass part of their honeymoon at Sunnyside, and that has consoled me.

I cannot promise you any visit to the Patapsco during hot weather. The state of my system, and the experience of last year has determined me to keep quiet at home until the sultry season is over; yet my heart yearns to be with you all again and to make another visit to the Shenandoah valley. However, all that I keep in perspective as a boy keeps Christmas holydays or the fourth of July.

My nephew, Pierre M. Irving, and his wife came home perfectly delighted with a visit they had paid you on their way South during your absence. Pierre was especially pleased with a long conversation he had with Mr. Grey, who has quite won his heart. I am glad they were able to look in on the family during their brief sojourn in Baltimore. I like that good people should know one another, especially good people in whom I take especial interest.

I write this letter with a head confused and almost stupefied with a catarrh, which must apologize for its insufficiency. Give my most affectionate remembrances to all the family and believe me ever, my dear Kennedy,

Yours very truly,      WASHINGTON IRVING.

JOHN P. KENNEDY, ESQ.

—  
SUNNYSIDE, July 25, 1854.

MY DEAR KENNEDY,—The "Schuyler affair" has no doubt made a great noise in your community as it has every [where] else. To me it has been a severe shock from my intimacy with George Schuyler and his connexions, the Hamiltons. From all that I know of George I have acquitted him, from the first, of any participation in his brother's delinquency, and such I am happy to find is the verdict of some of our most able and experienced men of business who have investigated the matter; and who intend, I am told, at the proper time, to testify publicly their conviction of his integrity.

The circumstance that may operate most against George until explained is that while he was president of the Harlem railroad, similar over-issues of stock took place with those on the New Haven railroad. The facts of the case are these: The laws of Connecticut obliged Robert Schuyler to resign

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<sup>27</sup> Illegible.

the presidency of the Harlem road. The board of directors urged George, who was one of their number, to accept it. He expressed his willingness to attend to the ordinary business of the road excepting its financial concerns, to which he felt totally incompetent. A finance committee of three was appointed to take charge of these, with Robert as chairman, of whose reported skill in these matters the company were anxious to avail themselves. By that committee all the financial concerns were transacted; George taking no part in them excepting to sign his name as President. Kyle, the Secretary, who issued the spurious certificates, had been thirteen years in the employ of the company, and enjoyed its implicit confidence. It does not appear that there was any collusion between Robert Schuyler and him (Kyle) in regard to the over-issues in this company. It was entirely an act of Kyle's, on his own account; or rather a series of floundering attempts to recover a false step in stock speculations.

I do not know whether I state the matter very clearly, being but little versed in these matters. I wish, however, to shield poor George Schuyler from being inculpated in the disgrace, as he is involved in the ruin of his unworthy brother. His conduct since the astounding development, which took him by surprise, as it did everyone else, has been open, frank, and manly, winning both sympathy and respect. You would be delighted with the noble conduct of Mrs. Schuyler under this overwhelming and crushing calamity. It has raised [?] her higher than ever in my estimation.

I hope, my dear Kennedy, that by this time you have cast forth the hairy [?] devils of architecture from your new building and are seated in your stately tower on the banks of the Patapsco; and that Mr. Grey approves of what you have done. With affectionate remembrances to him and his daughters twain,

Yours ever, my dear Kennedy,

WASHINGTON IRVING.<sup>28</sup>

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*Irving to Miss Mary Kennedy*

SUNNYSIDE, July 30, 1854.

MY DEAR MISS KENNEDY,—It is with the most painful surprise and concern that I have just received, through a newspaper sent to me, by your father, the sad, sad intelligence of your sister's death. I will not pretend, while the shock of the news is still agitating me, to offer any consolation, but merely to express my deep and heartfelt sympathy. What a blow is this to her manly, affectionate, kind-hearted husband—but what a bereavement to you all! Brief as has been my acquaintance with your sister, it has been long and intimate enough to acquaint me with the excellence and loveliness of her character. Indeed one of the most delightful pictures that I brought away with me from the Shenandoah valley was that of your sister as I saw her in her happy rural home, on that bright day which I passed there surrounded by your family. That day and scene have ever been vividly impressed on my memory, and although the recollection will henceforth be

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<sup>28</sup> Kennedy's answer to this letter, on August 8, 1854, is printed by Tuckerman, pp. 387 f.

tinged with melancholy, it will be so much the more endearing. Much as I deplore her loss, it is a happiness to me that I have known her.

But I will not dwell upon this theme.—My letter, as I have said, is merely one of sympathy, written at the moment. Give my most affectionate remembrances to your father and mother and your sister Sarah, and my sincere condolence to Mr. Selden.

My dear darling little Lizzie is, I trust, at home with you. Poor child!—but she will be drawn closer than ever to your heart, and find there a mother's tenderness; for this heavy dispensation, my dear Miss Kennedy, is calculated to call into action all the higher qualities of your nature, and I have seen enough of you to know that the call will not be in vain.

Ever your affectionate friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.<sup>29</sup>

MISS MARY E. KENNEDY.

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SUNNYSIDE, Dec. 26th, 1854.

MY DEAR MISS KENNEDY,—I received your kind letter of invitation yesterday; and am now making preparations to accept it. A sudden summons to a journey in mid winter somewhat discomposes the arrangements of an old gentleman like myself; however, I trust to be with you at Cassilis by the end of the week.

With kindest remembrances to the family,

Your affectionate friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

MISS MARY E. KENNEDY.

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*Irving to Mrs. Kennedy*

SUNNYSIDE, Feb. 1, 1855.

MY DEAR MRS. KENNEDY,—There are two things favorable to letter writing: one, to have a great deal to write about; the other, to be in a mood to write a great deal about nothing. As neither has been the case with me of late, I have remained silent. I hope you will receive this as an excuse for my letting a month elapse since my return home without writing to you. The life I lead in my little nest at Sunnyside is what Byron stigmatised as a "mill-pond existence," without events or agitations; and which he was glad to vary by matrimonial broil. My bachelor lot affords no variety of the kind; and if my womankind have any fault in their management, it is that they make things too smooth around me; so that I float quietly along without a ripple to fret or to write about.

I was down to Staten Island about two weeks since, to see my nephew Theodore officiate in his brother Pierre's church, and to hear him preach one of his first sermons. It was very interesting to see the two brothers officiating together—and very strange to me, to see Theodore in the pulpit.

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<sup>29</sup> Letters of Irving to Kennedy of dates August 31, October 5, and November 22, 1854, are printed by P. M. Irving, IV, pp. 174 f., 179 f. Copies of letters by Kennedy to Irving, of dates September 19 and November 5, 1854, are preserved in Kennedy's letter-books.

Seventeen years passed in teaching and in studying as a professor, have made a vast change in him which I can scarcely realize — recalling him when he was a youth under my care in Spain and in the United States. He retains all his early amiability and his winning ease of manner, and has always been singularly popular as a teacher. He has accepted a call to a church situated on Long Island on the New York bay a few miles below the City; in a polite neighborhood and a beautiful part of the country; with some of his early friends for parishioners. I trust "the lines have fallen to him in pleasant places."

The only other event in my domestic circle, is that I went down to New York last week to attend the wedding of a *great* niece; the granddaughter of my brother the Judge, and niece to Treat — she was married to Smith Van Buren, son of the ex-president. The wedding took place in Grace Church, which seemed half filled with relatives and connexions. I counted eighteen nieces, great and small, among those present of my kith and kin. The happy couple set off for Washington, where for aught I know they still are — passing their honeymoon.

So now I think I have given you enough about family matters, which cannot be of moment to you — but you will have a letter "no matter how busy I am" — so you must take what you can get.

I am sorry to hear that your father has been so unwell as to be confined a great deal to his room. I had no idea how much he suffered until my last visit to you; when I was in a part of the house where I could hear how wretchedly he passed his nights. The greater part of the winter, however, is over; spring will soon be at hand, and then I trust with you, he will regain his usual state of health and his capacity for enjoyment. I am afraid he is not in a way to have his musical evenings this winter, which were so great a resource to him. Give him my kindest and most affectionate remembrances.

I find from your letter that Kennedy suffers from inflamed eyes, and at the same time is working very hard. It is a pity he could not give himself and his eyes a little holiday. A little gentleman-like exercise of the pen, such as he has marked out for himself, would not be amiss; but this railroad episode I abominate. I know he takes a pride in showing the world that a literary man can be a man of business; but in my humble opinion a literary man on a low motive is worse than a beggar on horseback — and will bring up at the same end of the journey in half the time.

What you tell me about Mr. McLane's domestic trouble is very sad. I knew when I was in Baltimore from what he and Mr. Tiffany said, that some trouble was hanging over them, but had no idea what it was. I really feel deep sympathy for poor McLane in his desolate situation, and am provoked at the wrong-headed and wrong-hearted conduct of his daughter; who no doubt imagines herself a religious heroine. It is the old romantic feeling that used to lead to elopements, runaway matches, and other poetical modes of breaking parents' hearts, that is now operating in a different way but to the same end. A sister of mercy! forsooth! — should not mercy, like charity, begin at home?

I hope Mary Dulaney has entirely recovered from her cold and the effects of her Newport dissipation; and that the spring will find her in full bloom.

And that dear little girl Louisa Andrews, who is so soon, like Mary Kennedy, to "settle down into a staid married woman,"—what a pity it is these charming girls should not always remain young and beaming and *single*—so at least says an old bachelor admirer.

I have already sent my kind remembrances to your father; give the same to your husband and to your noble-hearted sister—who is a true sister of mercy—and believe me

Affectionately your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

MRS. JOHN P. KENNEDY.

P. S.—I regret sincerely that I did not see Emily Hoffman when I was in Baltimore (I do not recollect her present name, and I cannot decipher it in your letter). I have know[n] her from her childhood, and have many interesting and endearing recollections connected with her—both when in England and in this country. Give my kindest regards to her when you see her.<sup>30</sup>

SUNNYSIDE, Aug. 24th, 1855.

MY DEAR MRS. KENNEDY,—I have suffered a shameful time to elapse without replying to your last letter, but in fact my epistolary debts have increased upon me so awfully of late and are so overwhelming that I am almost driven to bankruptcy and despair; especially as there is a constant fagging of the pen and tasking of the brain in preparing another volume of my biographical work for the press.

I hope quiet and country air on the beautiful banks of the Patapsco have had a restorative effect upon your father; and that he is again able to enjoy his little circle of friends and favorites in his own kind-hearted way. I trust dear little Louisa Andrews (who by your account still lingers in the land of single blessedness) is now and then at hand to cheer him with her music, and that Mary Dulaney occasionally gives him the light of her beautiful countenance.

I am glad to hear that Mary Kennedy flourishes as a busy and happy housewife, and that her honeymoon had not waned in six months of matrimony. I trust her husband knows the value of the prize he has drawn.<sup>31</sup> . . . .

I trust your sister Martha does not intend to be jocular in speaking of Mr. Fillmore's "deportment" as exhibited in the Queen's drawing-room. By all accounts his appearance there was most impressive and successful. I hope he will be present at the meeting of sovereigns at Paris; he will be a capital specimen of a republican king to be exhibited among the productions of our country at the Christal Palace. Were Kennedy with him he would be regarded with as much interest as one of his cabinet—quite a cabinet curiosity.

Farewell, my dear Mrs. Kennedy; with affectionate remembrances to your father, your sister, and that self-tasking man, your husband, who I hope will not overtask himself,

I remain

Ever very truly yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

<sup>30</sup>A letter of Irving's to Kennedy, of April 23, 1855, is printed in part by P. M. Irving, IV, pp. 191-2. (This letter is not preserved among the Kennedy Papers.)

On April 29, 1855, Kennedy (as we learn from an entry in his journal) visited Irving at Sunnyside.

<sup>31</sup> Here follows a paragraph printed by Tuckerman, pp. 380-381.



*Kennedy to Irving*

BALTIMORE, Oct. 24, 1855.

MY DEAR IRVING,—I have just come from the church, where I have served in the capacity of father of the family and have given away to Sam Early,—a very good fellow—our little friend Louisa, who embarks this morning, with a strong N. E. wind and a drizzling rain, on the capricious sea of matrimony. It was a pleasant affair, with all its appurtenances of bright forms and happy faces, flowers, jewels and confections. [He then informs Irving that the bridal couple are on their way to New York, where they hope to receive a visit from him.] Little Loo, who is full of love and veneration for you, makes sure of [a visit from you] in her reckonings and has a kiss ready for you, which I know you would be unwilling to lose . . . .<sup>32</sup>

*Extracts from Kennedy's Journal*

(Idlewild,<sup>33</sup> October 31, 1859.)—Mild agreeable day. After breakfast we drive—Willis and his daughter, Wise<sup>34</sup> and myself—to Newburgh in time to cross to Fishkill and take the 12 o'clock train as far as Sing Sing, where we hire a carriage and drive seven miles to Sunnyside to see Irving. We arrive about half past two. Irving is out in a drive—but comes in by three. He looks wretchedly altered since I saw him last. But he receives us with his usual cheerfulness, and we have lunch, in time to allow me to take the four o'clock train for New York. . . . Irving is full of kindest remembrance. . . . I invite him to come to see us in Baltimore. He would like to do so, but he says he requires so much nursing that he cannot leave home. It is truly affecting to see the sad change that has come over him, and such certain presage of the early termination of his career.

(Baltimore, November 29, 1859.)—We have a telegram from N. York to-day announcing the death of Washington Irving. He died at Sunnyside on Monday evening. One of the best men of this world happily closing a life full of beauty and good works.—He leaves us in his seventy-sixth year, full of honor and reverence.

<sup>32</sup>A letter of Irving's to Kennedy, of date March 22, 1856, is printed by P. M. Irving, IV, pp. 210 f., and another, of date May 11, 1859, Irving's last letter to Kennedy, in the same volume, pp. 283 f. Kennedy was absent in Europe from May to October, 1856, and, on a second trip, from August, 1857, to October, 1858. Apparently he saw Irving but once during this time—in December, 1856, while on a trip to New York, when Irving ran down for a visit of a day with him.

<sup>33</sup>The home of N. P. Willis, near New York City. On October 23, Kennedy had written Irving inviting him to "join in an excursion to Willis's." On the following day Helen Irving, a niece of Irving's, had written at his request a note to Kennedy (now among the Kennedy Papers) declining his invitation on the ground that his health would not permit, but asking Kennedy to visit him at Sunnyside.

<sup>34</sup>Son-in-law of Everett.

*Edgar Irving to Kennedy*

NEW YORK, NOV. 29, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,—As one of my Uncle's most beloved friends, I must drop you a line to announce to you the painful intelligence of his death last evening at 10 o'clock! He continued to the last, pretty much as you saw him recently. I took my Thanksgiving dinner with him, during which he was full of humour, although suffering considerably after a bad night; and so kept along until last evening at ten o'clock, when in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, he fell from his chair in the parlor dead!

I am called off to go up to the Cottage, and must finish.

The funeral will take place on Thursday at 1 p.m.

Very truly yours, EDGAR IRVING.

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In the next installment of these papers some letters received by Kennedy from men of note from abroad will be published, together with further letters from his literary acquaintances in the North.

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

University of Texas.

## PROPERTIUS: A MODERN LOVER IN THE AUGUSTAN AGE

It seems to be the popular impression that in this universe of growth and change the one thing always new and yet eternally the same is love. Ages have gone by, but the love of Hector and Andromache is still the love that makes the world go round; empires have fallen, but the divorce courts are still as busy as they were in the days of Cæsar Augustus. But love is not always the same. Shall we believe that the legions serving under Cupid make no progress, that they never annex new provinces, that, like the Bourbons, they learn nothing and forget nothing? It was said by the ancient Greeks—and I know of no higher authority—that Love is the oldest of the gods. If so, we may assume, as did the Greeks, that he has developed with age—or rather, with the ages; for the gods are always young. Of course, evolution is not necessarily improvement. The hero of a psychological novel is generally more interesting in a book than in a household. And certainly this person is not Homeric: rather is he in himself an epitome of the greater complexity, the more pronounced self-consciousness of modern life. Here, however, as elsewhere, the rule holds good that that which is characteristic of a given period of evolution is not necessarily confined to it. On the contrary, the type is usually heralded far in advance by an occasional sport. Just such a sport is to be found in that great repository of antique sentiment, that day-book of Cupid's doings nineteen centuries ago, the Roman Elegy of Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid.

Tradition demanded that in this product and reflection of an age of intellectual refinement and cultivated leisure the personal note should be dominant. The elegiac poet is, therefore, expected to be—

"as true a lover  
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow,"

and his verses are supposed to chronicle his parlous state. But these idle singers of an empty day are not expected to be intense. The conventional love affair of the Elegy follows simple

lines. In fact, the beaten paths of modern as well as of antique sentiment do not mount to the lonely peaks of contemplation and the wider outlooks of the spirit.

Tibullus and Ovid, each in his own way, are standard representatives of this attitude. Not so Propertius. He has none of the reserve of Tibullus, and very little of the humorous objectivity of Ovid. In an atmosphere of half-ironical sentiment and cultivated persiflage, he is for the most part passionately serious and desperately sincere. As a poet he is a proverb of abruptness, irregularity, startling contrasts, and obscurity. He did not,—nay, he could not,—think as others have thought. His emotional insight, his bizarre and powerful imagination, strain at the leash of the distich and tax every resource of his native tongue. And the lover, like the poet, is a bundle of apparent paradoxes and inconsistencies. He was never old in years; yet, matured early as he was in the fierce sun of an absorbing passion, he was never really young in spirit. Hence, as Frédéric Plessis says, his poetry has a touch of harshness, the suspicion, as it were, of a bitter after-taste, reminding one of fruit that has ripened without sunlight, of hearts that have loved without happiness. His keen analytical mind and irresolute will, the purity of his home-training and the essential depravity of contemporary love in idleness, the serious strain of his Umbrian sires and the vagaries of his artistic temperament, are never reconciled, never at peace, within him. His soul is instinct with high ideals, his mind can give them definite shape; but his feelings, like some delicately tuned Æolian harp, are swayed by impulses and responsive to passing breezes of emotion unfelt and unheard by the average man. In his life, as in his poetry, he lacks self-control. He is restless, self-conscious, emotional, almost neurotic. He is analytical and introspective, he explores the highways and byways of his affair; indeed, his emotional insight sometimes guides him into what at that time were the untrodden wilds of Cupid's domain. Like all such men, he is at times frankly, even ostentatiously, brutal. Nevertheless, his passion is complicated with ideals and aspirations, with mental and spiritual motives, unguessed or disregarded by his fellow-sufferers. In brief, Propertius is an amatory sport, a modern

lover born into the world more than sixty generations before his time.

The poet was a native of Assisi, and the last scion of a long line of Umbrian mountaineers. He tells us expressly that they had never attained any high official distinction in Rome. It is clear, however, that he was a Roman Knight and that his people were of considerable importance in their own neighborhood.

His boyhood was filled with disaster. In earliest infancy he lost his father. Only a little later the large family property was swept away by the well-known confiscation of lands after Philippi for the veterans of Octavianus. Fortunately, enough was either saved, or at some later time recovered, to insure the poet and his mother a comfortable income. Meanwhile, however, the measure of Octavianus was deeply resented by the Umbrian countryside—to this day the best fighting blood in Italy—and the conflict that ensued was one of the most sanguinary episodes of the Civil Wars. Only twelve miles from home was Perugia, in those days an almost impregnable stronghold. The rebels, among the rest one Gallus, the boy's maternal uncle, took refuge there; and the siege which followed was perhaps the most horrible of all the many sieges endured by that famous old city. It was finally taken and sacked in the year 40. During the uproar Gallus managed to get by the lines of Octavianus, but on the way home was set upon by freebooters and left for dead. The news was brought to the family by a wounded soldier who had found Gallus in a dying condition, and had promised to convey his last farewell to his sister. The two fragmentary elegies at the close of the poet's first book, written years afterward, show how deeply his childish mind had been impressed by the event. Curiously enough, the abruptness and obscurity of these pieces, their lack of transitions and gradations, exactly reproduce that unreal reality, that strange sense of remoteness, of silence, which always characterize the shifting series of pictures, vivid but disconnected and only visual, that constitute the memories of childhood.

Soon afterwards Propertius, then a boy of eight or ten, was taken to Rome by his mother; she appears to have remained with him there until her death, which occurred when he was



about twenty. The legal profession, for which she had had him educated, was for young men of his position the open door to distinction. But nature never intended Propertius for an advocate; and at fifteen or sixteen, in other words, as soon as he became of age, he turned definitely and finally to poetry. He had already written considerable verse, and doubtless he wrote a great deal more during the next two or three years. Meanwhile, too, and from the first, he must have been an ardent and omnivorous reader of the Alexandrian literature.

Of this period of studious home-life, varied no doubt by a certain amount of social distraction, no definite record remains. It was only preparatory, and was soon invaded by the woman whom he calls Cynthia. The ensuing love affair inspired so large a proportion of his surviving poetry that henceforth the story of Cynthia and the story of Propertius are one. They cannot be separated.

Of course we have no right to expect a definite and detailed narrative. A series of elegies so constructed would be at variance with an artistic canon of the type as evident as it is important. Moreover, a poet, even when he assumes the attitude of a biographer, is not obliged to be one. "Ods life," says Prior to his Chloe, "must one tell the truth in a song!" He has a perfect right to combine fact and fiction, actual events and merely literary motives.

In a general way, Propertius is no exception to this rule. What he gives us is for the most part "a mere alternation," as Sellar observes, "of passionate moods." These, however, indicate the general trend of events. He is also full of literary allusions. But this, too, is no proof of unreality. A man thinks he has been in the habit of thinking. An acquired style may, and often does, become a second nature. Indeed, at the greatest crisis of their lives men have been known to resort to a mere quotation, even to a quotation in a foreign tongue, *Ἀνερίφθω κύβος*, 'the die is cast,' as it is (incorrectly) translated, were Cæsar's words at the Rubicon. The phrase, says Plutarch, is a quotation from Menander. Now and then, too, Propertius works out a theme which already has a long literary tradition. Even here we must not forget that the main situations in every love affair are

few, and that they are repeated in every generation. But perhaps the essential verity of the poet's story is best shown by the fact that the psychology of it is at once too consistent in itself and too much at variance with literary conventionalities to be the invention of any poet in the Augustan Age. In fact, I doubt whether it could be accounted for by literary motives alone in any age.

Thanks to her own dominant personality and the skill of the artist by whom she is painted, Cynthia is the most real and the most interesting of the elegiac heroines. She is an individual, and there is no one like her in antique poetry.

Her social position, or better, perhaps, her position before the law, cannot be determined with certainty. As a rule the heroine of the Elegy is a *hetaira*, and in Rome this class was largely represented by the *libertinae*, or freedwomen. We learn, however, from Propertius that Cynthia was the granddaughter of a famous poet, and from Apuleius 150 years afterwards that her real name was Hostia. Her grandfather, then, must have been that Hostius near the beginning of the first century B.C. who wrote a poem on the Istrian War. If so, she was hardly a freedwoman, but rather a *declassée*, a type only too common in the brilliant but lax society of the Augustan period.

The minuteness with which Propertius describes her perfections is as modern as it is unclassical. In this respect the lover of Cynthia is a striking contrast to the lover of Lesbia. Both men are sensitive, sensuous, luxurious. Both men reacted keenly and instantly to the beautiful. But Propertius was analytical and reflective. He could not attain the joyous wisdom of Catullus's immortal youth. Propertius never could have destroyed the tally of his raptures—"Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus," as Catullus said of his Lesbia's kisses. On the contrary, he must needs count, weigh, and appraise them one by one.

Her eyes were large, dark and brilliantly expressive:—

"Twin torches they to set my heart on fire,  
Twin stars to guide me through life's trackless sea."

Her hair was *fulvus*, presumably the tawny red of Titian. At all events, her complexion is 'white lilies,' 'the first flush of Dawn,' 'rose-leaves floating in milk'; apparently what he means is

the delicate skin, the delicate pink and white suggestive of sweet-peas, which not infrequently goes with such hair. Once, to be sure, he does accuse her of paint—this in connection with the importation of a yellow wig from Britain—but only to bring home the fact that she is ravishingly beautiful as she is. Her hands were slim and delicate, her fingers long and shapely. Even when she is trying to scratch out his eyes, he thinks of her nails as *formosæ*. Doubtless he would have said as did the lover in the old play:—

“Her lips made swearings sound of piety,  
So sweet and prettily they came from her.”

She walks like the goddesses. Once, indeed, he insists that she is more beautiful than Venus and several other Olympian ladies of quality whom he enumerates in the succeeding lines. She was *maxima toto corpore*, he says. *Maxima* is not big and bony, and not ample, *spatiosa*, as Ovid says expressively of Andromache—Cynthia was too sensitive and high-strung for that—but rather stately and impressive. Tall she may have been, but I suspect she seemed taller to him than she really was—partly because of her carriage, partly because of her dominant will. To the last he stood a little in awe of her.

It is possible that what we have here was something very like the Italian type immortalized by Titian. If so, it was probably modified by more intellect and perhaps by more irregularity of feature than is usual in Titian's women. Cynthia was not alone beautiful: she was fascinating, witty, a fine conversationalist, an accomplished musician, an adept in the mysteries of the loom, a first-class literary critic. Nay she was a poetess—a poetess, too, whose verses, says Propertius, are quite the equal of Corinna's.

Sometimes, indeed, he confides to us that he cares less for her beauty than for these other attractions. In the light of his cool and analytical, yet aspiring and idealizing, mind, he is telling the truth. But alas for his weak and passionate heart! It was her beauty, not her accomplishments, that dragged him back to her again and again, even in his own despite.

“Quamvis dura, tamen rara puella fuit,”

is his own reluctant admission, even while nursing his wrongs after a mortal quarrel.

Such, if we make due allowance for the enthusiasm of a lover, was the woman whom Propertius met at the turning-point of his career. He could not have been much over eighteen: precocious and erratically brilliant, filled with his book-learning, fired with his Alexandrian poets; but scarcely more than the child he had just ceased to be.

Cynthia, on the contrary, as we might guess, was several years older—probably not less than twenty-four or twenty-five—and well-versed in the art of subjugation. Not, however, that such a woman needed any special training to subjugate this innocent and ardent, shy and passionate boy. The difficulty would be to get such a boy to declare his love. The stormy and impetuous Cynthia, however, realizing that she was dealing not with a theory but with a condition, took the matter into her own hands and made the declaration herself. Of course, he was swept off his feet.

It is easy to see why he loved Cynthia. He himself gives us a number of excellent reasons. But why did Cynthia love him? Propertius gives us two reasons—his verse and his fidelity. No doubt he had her own word for it, and he seems really to have believed it. But these were not her reasons; otherwise she would not have given them. Moreover, in affairs of the heart poetry is of no demonstrable value. His friend Ovid could have told him that. And even fidelity, though infinitely superior to the brand supplied by Propertius, is not always as important as it ought to be. I am inevitably reminded of the old man who while riding home from his wife's funeral remarked to a friend: "Well, she was a good wife; the meals were always on time, the stockings were always darned, and everything was all right: I lived with her for forty years—and I never did like her!" The words are such a revelation of our poor human nature that one hardly knows whether to laugh or cry.

We might imagine the novelty of reversed conditions, the attraction of youth and inexperience, etc.; in short, the usual stock in trade of the modern psychological novelist. But these are passing. We must look deeper to explain a feeling which,

whatever its original basis was, lasted through everything and until her dying day. Perhaps she herself never paused to inquire. Cynthia, however, after every possible deduction, was not an ordinary woman. She had a strong mind; her character, though passionate and ill-regulated, was generous, and above all, she could idealize. Her lover was young and inexperienced, but he was a poet and an idealist. In spite of her previous experience—nay, for that very reason—the first love of this home-bred boy must have been a revelation to her. He was not the type she had met, and, alas, was still to meet. May we not assume that in those days she was often touched to the quick by a delicacy and consideration to which she was not accustomed, aroused by traits and opinions new in her experience, pleased and inspired by the unquestioning attribution to herself of virtues and ideals which other men had never discovered?

Of these first hours of unclouded happiness we have no record except that the lovers met out of doors and at night. On those occasions, when they pledged eternal fidelity under the stars, when she was carried away not only by their mutual passion, but by his infectious idealism, when she sat by his side and gazed upon the bright vision of their future called up by his wonderful imagination, who knows how often even she may have dreamed of the impossible? Not until the last do we hear of those happy hours, and, what is significant of the essential truth of our deduction, it is Cynthia, not Propertius, who speaks of them.

Of course, they were both very human, and, as usual, the fact was emphasized in their later companionship. The artistic temperament is full of moods and fancies. And they both had it. Propertius was a born self-tormentor, and not an easy man to live with under any circumstances. And Cynthia herself was anything but an equable person. The barometer of her moods never stood at 'set fair.' She was undisciplined, full of extremes, a woman of fire and ice, proud, imperious, sensitive, quick to resent and slow to forgive. There were halcyon hours of capricious fondness, when he felt himself all but translated; there were whirlwinds of tempestuous rage, when he was all but in danger of his life; there were dead calms of glacial indifference, when all he could do was to shiver and wait. Between her



cruelty and her kindness, her furious abuse and her furious tenderness, he scarcely knew whether he was most happy in his misery or most miserable in his happiness.

After all, however, these variations were nothing very serious. The lovers were still extremely happy in their own stormy fashion. Propertius was urged by his friend Tullus to accompany him on an extended tour in the East. The offer was tempting, but was finally declined. Cynthia, too, was hotly pursued by a certain rich suitor to accompany him to Illyria, but she finally refused. The decision says much for the real depth of her affection, for when we consider the uncertainty of her position, as well as of her income, she sacrificed far more than did Propertius. It was one of the happiest hours of the poet's life. "I walk among the highest stars," he cries, "for Cynthia, the peerless Cynthia, is always mine!"

Perhaps the most refreshing, and certainly the most unusual, aspect of this affair is the almost complete absence of those complaints of greed and extravagance which recur with such wearisome regularity in the amatory literature of antiquity. Cynthia was not mercenary. Her lover affirms it more than once, and in so many words. She did love finery—as any woman should, and generally does. And finery is expensive. But he never criticizes her love of finery on the score of expense, much less on the score of expense to him. Adverse criticism of her attire is always for some other reason, and what is especially characteristic of Propertius, the reason put in the foreground is never the real reason.

"Why, dear heart," he ventures to expostulate in the famous elegy devoted to this theme, "do you care to go out and join the parade, your hair adorned with jewels, and to sway within the transparent folds of Coan vestments? Why to drench your locks with myrrh of the Orontes, and to put yourself on the market with endowments not your own? Why will you mar the beauty of nature with embellishments bought with a price, instead of allowing your real self to shine resplendent in its own advantages? Believe me, not anything you take for that fair form can make it more fair. Cupid himself is naked; he is no lover of the artifices of beauty. See what colors the beautiful

earth puts forth, how the ivy twines better of its own sweet will, how the arbutue rears itself the more lovely in lonely glens, how the brook has skill to run on ways untaught. The strand adorned with its native pebbles has a winning charm, and the winged folk sing the sweeter that they sing untrained."

"The heroines of old"—and he pauses to name and describe several of them—"owed nothing to artifice. Their helper was beauty unadorned. They had no desire to go forth and gather up lovers from the passing crowd." "Not that I am afraid now," he says at once, beginning to hedge, "that I am cheaper in your eyes than those other men. It's only that if a girl dresses to please *one* person, she dresses enough, especially in your case." And he closes with a rapturous tribute to her beauty and accomplishments.

Now, the ostensible theme here is the old one of Nature against Art. But Propertius never wrote this elegy to discourage Cynthia's habit of gilding the lily. He had no objection to her 'Coan vestments,' her dress of chiffon silk. On the contrary, he referred to it several times again in later years. It was not *how* she dressed that troubled him; it was *why* she dressed.

Not, however, that he had any real grounds for his distrust as yet. Indeed, of the two it was she, not he, who had the better right to complain. The cruel law of all such affairs as theirs is that the new relation which had stayed and, at least for the time being, had uplifted the one, had an inevitable tendency to unbalance and demoralize the other. He accepted too many invitations to dinner parties and imbibed from the flowing bowl much oftener and more deeply that was good for him. Cynthia was hurt by his neglect, and was temperamentally prone to believe the worst.

This lamentable stage of the affair is clearly to be seen in the famous third elegy of the first book:—

As on that shore the Cretan relaxed in slumber lay  
While Theseus' traitorous galley was speeding fast away,  
Or like old Cepheus' daughter, when first she sank to sleep,  
Freed from the flinty crag, and that horror of the deep,  
Or as some fair bacchante, with furious dancing spent,  
Rests by the Thracian torrent in sweet abandonment—  
E'en such the dainty slumber my Cynthia seemed to breathe,

Her lovely head half propped by the yielding arms beneath,  
 When, trailing fuddled footsteps long past the midnight hour  
 And lighted by my link-boys, I staggered to her bower.  
 While still some sense was left me, I tried, but vainly tried,  
 Reclining very softly, to stretch out by her side.  
 But though a double madness, one from the God of wine  
 And one from Love—both mighty—burned in this heart of mine,  
 Though each of them was urging, on that side and on this:  
 "Nay, throw your arms around her and wake her with a kiss,"  
 I did not dare to trouble my mistress's repose,  
 I feared her bitter chidings, I feared as one who knows!  
 And so I stuck there staring, like Argus in amaze  
 When first the horns of Io met his astonished gaze.  
 At times, I loosed the garlands my throbbing temples bare  
 And set them on your tresses to breathe their fragrance there;  
 Anon, I shaped some ringlet disturbed amid your sleep  
 Or stealthily fair apples I gave your hands to keep.  
 But slumber still was thankless and all my gifts were vain;  
 Each time your lap refused them, and down they rolled again.  
 And always when you nestled exquisitely and sighed,  
 Aghast at my own fancies, methought that signified  
 Your dreams, perhaps, were haunted by some uncanny dread,  
 Or else, an uncouth monster seemed drawing near your bed.  
 At last, the Moon that sped by the casements on her way—  
 The busy Moon, whose torches were fain to bid her stay—  
 Smote softly Cynthia's eyes with her airy shafts. She woke,  
 And, propped upon one elbow, thus chidingly she spoke:  
 "Now that she wearies of you, and you are forced to flee,  
 Because her door ejects you, you turn—at last—to me!  
 You said you'd come! Where were you? The long, long hours are  
 gone,  
 And now, at last, I see you—limp with debauch—at dawn!  
 Oh heartless, faithless, Sextus, I would, indeed, that you  
 Were forced to pass such nights as you make me linger through!  
 At times, to cheat my slumbers, I span, or was inspired  
 To turn awhile to music. But I was very tired  
 And to myself, deserted, I softly made my moan:  
 'Tis often thus when lovers no longer love their own.'  
 And then, as I seemed falling, sweet wingèd Sleep was fain  
 To waft me on to Dreamland—and I forgot my pain."

The elegy is an excellent example of the poet's inveterate habit of thinking in terms of literary allusions. When he sees Cynthia asleep in the moonlight, he is reminded of the sleeping Ariadne, that famous work of art of which the Ariadne of the Vatican is undoubtedly a copy. Every line of the elegy itself is instinct with suggestions of Hellenic poetry, Hellenic art, Hellenic life. Yet nothing could be more real, nothing more con-

vincingly personal, than is that same sleeping figure. In our mind, the very moonlight seems real and Latin—the summer moon as he saw it when, twenty centuries ago, it shone through the casement and gave unearthly beauty to the upturned face of Cynthia asleep.

This process of quarrelling and 'making up'—as in the elegy just quoted—went on for two years or more. Then came an unfortunate sea-voyage, which he either had to take or chose to take. Cynthia was furious with him. However, he went—and was shipwrecked for his pains. Then when he returned, he was furious with her for not being sympathetic. "I have often expected some cruel blow from your fickleness, Cynthia," he says (1, 15, 1), "but never such cruelty as this!" All of which is at once pathetic and amusing. Then he wanted to make up. His wrath never lasted as long as did hers. But this time the ice would not melt. She invited him to stay away for an indefinite period.

It was really a crushing blow to him. In about a year's time, not far from 28 B.C., appeared the *Cynthia Monobiblos*, now the first book of his collected works. Those who know the first elegy of this series may well ask themselves whether any other man has ever introduced a volume of amatory poems in a mood of such utter despair.

The book was dedicated to Cynthia, and was either the cause or the result of a reconciliation. And the lasting fame of Propertius was at once assured. He was immediately taken up by Augustus and Mæcenas, and became one of the brilliant circle by which they were surrounded. His house on the Esquiline, of which he speaks in the third book, was probably near that of Mæcenas, and, indeed, may have been a present from him.

Doubtless the reunited lovers were very happy for a time. But his record of this period, in the second and third books, indicates here and there that his point of view towards her and towards the world at large was changing. The influence of Mæcenas, an awakening sense of responsibility, the sobering—also the hardening—effect of his own life are all visible. He can think seriously now of going to Athens for the absent treatment, he can look forward, as do Horace and Vergil, to

graver and more exalted themes. It is significant that, as compared with the first book, there is a marked increase in the number of poems not concerned with Cynthia.

But this is not all. The same story is told by the elegies addressed to Cynthia herself. When, for example, in the introduction of his second book, he pictures himself as being asked why he can write so often of love, he replies that it is because his theme and his inspiration are always Cynthia. If she goes forth arrayed in Coan vestments, the result is a whole volume all about those Coan vestments. A truant lock, her nimble fingers as she plays upon the lyre, her lovely eyes when they droop in slumber—these are a thousand themes for a poet—and as for her caresses, they are an *Iliad*. Whatever she says or does straightway becomes a long and most important classic, sprung from nothing. All this is a fresh and delightful variation on an amatory commonplace, but it is not necessarily as accurate a statement of his own feelings as it once was. The examples he gives were deliberately intended to recall the elegies of the previous book, and after all we cannot be sure that the whole poem is anything more than a graceful way of declining Mæcenas's pressing invitation to contribute to the already overstocked library of Augustan epics.

Once, upon her birthday—poor Cynthia, her birthdays were beginning to grow unwelcome—he begs her to “put on the dress she was wearing the first time he met her.” Someone has called this “a curiously feminine trait.” On the contrary, Propertius was never less feminine than here. Otherwise he would have described the dress accurately and in detail. It is true, of course, that antique fashions were less changeable than ours, yet who, pray, except one whose only recollection of a dress was the fact that the wearer was entrancingly beautiful in it—in other words, who but a man, would dream of asking any woman to show herself in a dress five years behind the style? Nevertheless, the request is pathetic. It shows that his memories, and doubtless hers too, were sweeter than present experience.

Again, he can at times examine his own symptoms with a certain amount of objective, semi-professional interest. Now and then he even betrays a sense of humor. For example, on



one occasion he is moved to observe that in this particular disorder known as love prescriptions are worth nothing, charms have no force, magic potions are absolutely useless. Moreover, you can't see anything, there are no pathological symptoms, no acute attacks. Where all the trouble comes from is an utter mystery. The patient doesn't need a doctor, he doesn't have to take to his bed, he is not affected by any kind of weather, no particular season of the year seems to be bad for him.

*Ambulat, et subito mirantur funus amici!*—

"he walks about,—and all of a sudden his friends are amazed to see his corpse on the way to the grave!" A variation on the old theme that love is incurable, that might have come straight from the Comedy.

And yet they were lovers still, in spite of themselves, in spite of each other, and in the same tempestuous way. But we can no longer smile at their antics. The causes of them have ceased to be slight or purely imaginary. The lovers were both unfaithful. Propertius was the slave of his temperament. Cynthia had taken a characteristic revenge. And they were both very miserable. Yet it is significant of the essentially generous nature of the man that he occasionally rises to heights never attained in his happier days. There are bursts of unselfish—I had almost said, remorseful—tenderness, the depth of which has rarely been matched in antique literature. Never, too, even in the glorious hours of their first love, did he pay such homage to beauty as once in these later days when she was desperately ill, and he begged Pluto and Proserpina, with the touching naïveté of the ancient faith, not to take her from him (2, 28, 49):—

"So many thousand thousand fair women are fordone,  
And throng the Halls of Hades, can ye not spare this one?"

*Sunt apud inferos tot milia formosarum:  
Pulchra sit in superis, si licet, una locis.*

One thinks of *Mimnermos*. The haunting melody of the lines seems in itself to echo the regret of the poet—nay, to echo the regret of the ages—for the passing of youth and beauty.

But there are also occasions when his mood is harder and more

bitter than ever before. And it was in this mood that he wrote the last elegy of the third book:—

I was a joke at dinners, ay, any would-be wit  
Might use me for a target, and I must stomach it.  
Five years I could be loyal; but now, you'll often mourn,  
Biting your nails for anguish, the faith at last outworn.  
Nay, weeping will not touch me—I know that trick of old;  
You always weep from ambush, I cannot be cajoled.  
I shall depart in tears, but my wrongs will check their flow:  
Ours was a team well sorted—you could not leave it so.  
So now, my msitress' threshold, where oft my tear-drops fell,  
And thou, the door I haunted, I bid ye both farewell.  
May age afflict you, Cynthia, with ill-dissembled years,  
And may you see the wrinkles your fading beauty fears.  
And when your glass flings at you the ruin pictured there,  
Go curse them, every wrinkle, and every whitening hair.  
Be you in turn excluded, and suffer proud disdain,  
And all you did to others be done to you again.  
So fate shall soon avenge me; my page bids you give ear:  
Your beauty waits this ending. Woman, believe—and fear!

Not very chivalrous words, perhaps. But even in pieces with so long a pedigree of literary convention as this, the ancients were nearer to nature and not so afraid of the verities of life as are we.

We are now not very far from 22 B.C. The fourth and last book, as we learn from a reference in the closing elegy, must have been published after the year 15. How long after, and whether published by the author or posthumously, it is impossible to say. The fact, however, that we hear no more of Propertius suggests that he must have died not far from that date; and the miscellaneous character of the eleven elegies of the book leads one to guess that they are merely what was left of his unpublished work.

For purposes of this inquiry our interest is confined to two elegies,—the seventh and eighth. Verse technique shows that, like the rest of the book, they were certainly written somewhat later than the last of the previous collection. In view of their character and contents it is important to keep this fact in mind.

The second of the two gives us our last glimpse of Cynthia in this life. She is the same passionate Cynthia, and in one of her fits of wild rage. The scene is one that might have come

straight from a roaring farce of the Restoration. It does not present the poet in an enviable light, and the hardening, even vulgarizing, effect of his conduct not only upon him, but also upon her, is only too evident. But the born self-tormentor for once forgets his *métier* and tells us the story with a rollicking, reckless humor that reveals an entirely new aspect of his remarkable genius. One might assert that what we have here is merely the recollection in later years of an occurrence belonging to the old days of the previous book—the cool, detached, reminiscent vein, so to speak, prompted by an affair long since dead and buried.

If so, how small we explain the companion piece? Here we learn, if we learn anything, that the lovers did not part at the end of the third book; on the contrary, that they were parted only by death; further, that Cyphthia was probably poisoned by one of her own slaves, and that she asked to be buried on the road to Tivoli. So Cynthia says herself, when, immediately after her funeral, she appears to Propertius in a dream.

This, then, is the real epilogue of our story, and it carries it beyond the grave. The epilogue is spoken by the woman. It is a review of their life together, and a justification of herself. The spell of her beauty abode with him to the last. The awful change of death was there; but, he says, "she had the self-same hair and the self-same eyes as when they bore her forth." These, then, the cruel fire had spared; these he could not forget. He knows it is Cynthia still. Is he merely artistic here? Or is it that even when Cupid's cup of honey and gall has been drained to the last drop, he cannot bear the thought of such beauty in corruption?

But this is not all. The sordid realism of the Subura, so strangely commingled with the realm beyond the grave; the dying scene; the slaves to be tried by fire; the fleeting glimpse of the wild, irregular life of the poet; the emergence of those superstitions of the Roman underworld from which Propertius himself was never quite free;—the awful idea, for instance, that the gates of Hell stand open all night and that the monstrous shape of Cerberus himself—the great vampire, the infernal werewolf—and in his wake all the questing spirits of the dead, prowl through

the darkness at will until cockcrow; the gruesome lines that bear witness to the undying fire of Cynthia's passion for her lover, even in the land of dust and shadow—these and other motives unite under the spell of the poet's bizarre and powerful imagination to make this piece unique:—

Beyond the grave lies something, not all of us expires;  
 There is a ghastly phantom that 'scapes the funeral fires.  
 For lo, I dreamed that Cynthia, then resting with the dead  
 Beside the noisy roadway, was bending o'er my bed.  
 'Twas when my sleep seemed filled with the funeral of my dear,  
 My heart seemed very heavy, my couch was cold and drear.  
 She had the self-same tresses, her eyes were still the same,  
 As when the bearers raised her: but on her side the flame  
 Had gnawed away the vestment, nor had it paused to spare  
 Her beryl ring—'twas melted, the ring she used to wear.  
 Her features, too, had flattened—the Stream that flows for aye,  
 The River of Oblivion, was fretting them away.  
 The thoughts, the living passion, were Cynthia's very own;  
 Her breathing self was echoed in every word and tone.  
 She smote her hands: the gesture was Cynthia yet, when stirred.  
 Poor hands, so dead and brittle—only the thumbs were heard:  
 "You traitor! who shall trust you? you have no power to keep  
 Your faith with any woman. So soon, and you can sleep?  
 So soon have you forgotten how many nights we met,  
 The while Subura waketh? So soon could you forget  
 The rope, my dizzy casement, and how you stood below,  
 Until you felt my kisses, those nights so long ago!  
 And how we paused at corners, and loitered in the street?  
 We loved each other dearly—and stolen love is sweet!  
 But all those secret vows, as we tarried side by side,  
 Only the wild winds heard them—and flung them far and wide!  
 When all grew dark before me, none called to me, 'Oh stay!  
 Come back!' If you had called me, I should have gained one day.  
 No watcher shook a rattle where I was lying dead:  
 The tiles were old and broken, the rain beat on my head.  
 And last of all, who saw you grief-stricken by my bier?  
 Who saw you clad in mourning? Who saw you shed one tear?  
 And though beyond the city it irked you to proceed,  
 You might have told my bearers from thence to use less speed.  
 You never cast on perfumes, nor prayed the winds to fan  
 My fires: no flowers you offered, Oh faithless, thankless man!  
 Mere hyacinths, costing nothing—not even those you gave,  
 Not even an humble potsherd to mark my lonely grave!  
 "Burn Lygdamus! The slave! Heat the metal plates white hot!  
 My wine hid death; I drank it, and sensed too late the plot.  
 Seize Nomas' charm of spittle; she 'scaped the former time:  
 Now, when the live coals wrap them, her hands will tell their crime!

"That cheap, bedizened street-wench, whom any man in Rome  
Might mate with for a trifle, is mistress of our home;  
And, quite the high-born lady, in skirts that sweep the ground,  
All over gold-embroidered, if any slave be found  
Who dares to laud my beauty, will pounce upon her prey,  
And make her rue her boldness with doubled tasks that day.  
My Petale laid roses upon my monument:  
A block and chain rewarded the faithful innocent!  
Some slight request 'for my sake' poor Lalage once urged:  
The girl was stripped, for my sake, hung by the hair, and scourged!  
That vampire melts my likeness—you never once complain:  
That she might get a dowry, you let me die—again.

"And yet I'll not upbraid you, despite my bitter wrongs:  
My reign was long, Propertius, as mistress of your songs.  
And by the three weird sisters—so may he greet me fair,  
That triple Dog of Hades—I kept my faith, I swear!  
If not, let crawling vipers consort where I lie dead;  
My tomb shall hear their hissing, my bones shall be their bed.  
For on that loathly Stream, two abodes diverse are placed:  
Some to the one are sailing, some to the other haste.  
In one barge Clytæmestra, with her the Cretan dame,  
And eke the wooden portent wherein she hid her shame,  
But lo, a crownèd pinnacle—its happy burden sees  
Elysian roses yielding their fragrance to the breeze.  
There lutes, and Phrygian cymbals, and Lydian lyres resound,  
And turbaned dancers foot it in one delightful round.  
We see fair Hypermestra, Andromeda too, those wives  
Of stainless faith: they tell us the story of their lives.  
One swears to us the arms which her mother's gyves abused  
Were guiltless as the fingers the cold, hard rocks had bruised.  
And then the other tells us how she could not commit  
The crime her sisters compassed—she had no heart for it.  
So with the tears of death all the loves of life are healed:  
But half of your offences I never have revealed.

"And now a charge I give you, if I can touch you yet,  
If, spite of Doris' philtres, you cannot quite forget:—  
Don't let my nurse go hungry, when she is weak and old.  
Although she might have done it, she never sought your gold.  
And my belovèd Latris, I would not have her stand  
Before a second mistress, my mirror in her hand.  
And all the verse you wrote me in other, happier days,  
Belongs to me—go burn it, and cease to keep my praise!  
And guard my grave from ivy: the tendrils grow amain,  
And wind around my bones in an ever-tightening chain.  
And where 'gainst shady hillsides the Anio rests his streams,  
And in Alcides' temple that wondrous ivory gleams,  
There carve upon a column a poem, such as I  
Deserved, but short, that passers may read it as they fly:  
Here lieth Golden Cynthia in Tibur's fair demesne:



This added fame, Oh Anio, thy famous banks have seen.'

"Think not those dreams are false that Elysium sends to you:  
When good dreams come, as I have, you may believe them true,  
By night, the ghosts flit earthward, the sullen Gates of Doom  
Swing wide, and even Cerberus goes prowling through the gloom.  
At cockcrow, all the vagrants troop back to Acheron;  
The Boatman keeps strict tally, and notes us one by one.  
For now, let others have thee; ere long shalt be all mine:  
We two shall lie together, my bones shall cling to thine."  
She spoke: and in that instant, ere yet I was aware,  
The shape my arms were clasping had vanished in thin air.

Here the curtain falls on the drama of Propertius and Cynthia. It was by turns an idyl, a Romantic comedy, a problem play, a comic opera, a tragedy; and finally, a mystery. It is fitting that the epilogue should be given to Cynthia. For, after all, Cynthia is the real lover of the two. Erring, passionate, undisciplined, wilful, wayward, sinned against and sinning—in spite of everything, she had never ceased to love him. And from first to last her love had been deeper and more genuine than his. This is what he means by making her swear so solemnly that she has always been faithful, but that he has not. As he looks back over the story of their life together, he realizes, and, with his essential generosity acknowledges, that after all he was more to blame than was she for the wreck of their happiness.

Yet the lovers were only too much alike, both in their strength and in their weakness, and they owed their joy and their sorrow to the one as much as to the other. His intellectual and moral ideals were high; his impulses were kindly, generous, even chivalrous. But he had one fatal fault. His will was weak. He could not withstand the call of mere indulgence. Cynthia, too, was passionate and intellectual, and, in spite of her faults, was essentially generous and able to idealize. But she had a high temper and acted on impulse, not reflection. With his better part—and in those earlier days only his better part was known to her, or even to himself—he had dreamed of making her a friend, a companion, and an equal; something no seasoned man of the world would have thought of. The appeal was made to Cynthia's better part, and she responded instantly to the demand as best she could; and loved him to her dying day because he had once made it. But he could not set her the

example in his own life, and she could not rise superior to her disappointment.

Moreover, their position towards the world was an essentially false and unstable basis for the realization of his generous but chimerical ideal. They were both bound hand and foot—as we all are—by the conditions in which they lived. Three hundred years later, like Thais, like Pelagia, she might have become, as Plessis says, “a Christian or a saint.” But Cynthia belonged to the Augustan Age, and Propertius had only wanted to make her an honest woman. Alas, that was impossible.

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## JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AND TARIFF REFORM

It is now a little over thirteen years since that fifteenth of May 1903 when Mr. Chamberlain startled the readers of the breakfast papers by his announcement of a new political and economic creed, that Britain should adopt such a tariff as would enable her to offer a preference to her colonies and retaliate against the discriminatory tariffs of other countries. Few announcements—unless that of Peel's conversion to the repeal of the corn laws—have proved so great a political sensation, none has cut a deeper furrow across the political levels of the time.

To explain how Mr. Chamberlain came to take up this cause is the purpose of this paper, to trace the course of the movement from its inception in 1903 to its seeming abandonment in 1913, and to analyze the effects of that movement upon the general course of English politics at home and abroad. How it alarmed Germany, how it reunited the Liberal Party, how it hurried on social-democratic legislation, and, by drawing attention to colonial problems, gave momentum to the movement for colonial defence,—to show these consequences may serve to interpret the abstract and brief chronicles of our time. Already the war has made the story of the Chamberlain programme seem a far-off thing out of past history. But with the plans for commercial retaliation recently devised by the Allies, and with the growing bitterness engendered of the war, it is unsafe to say how soon Mr. Chamberlain's plan may be requickened and realized. Whether that happens or not, the narrative of its course deserves telling and comment.

As everybody knows, Mr. Chamberlain entered politics an advanced radical. As mayor of Birmingham he got himself suspected of dangerous social ideas; as a young member of Parliament he became identified with radical policies abhorrent not only to the Conservatives but to the large Whig element in the Liberal Party. From that time until his shift of party position in 1885 he remained an extremist; he supported franchise reform up to the hilt; he believed in manhood suffrage, in progressive taxation, and in the improvement of laborers' cottages;

he talked of reforms of land tenure and of the compulsory purchase of land for cottages. Indeed, he was a sort of John the Baptist to Lloyd George, and he was a good thirty years ahead of the Welsh reformer. He was not only a social reformer, but what he himself would have later styled a "Little-Englander"; he had no sympathy with Lord Beaconsfield, and decried the "vulgar patriotism of the music halls." It was on Home Rule that Mr. Chamberlain broke with his party and carried with him the group who became known as Liberal Unionists. As a Liberal Unionist and at length a Unionist he continued to press policies of social reform until 1895, when he became Secretary for Colonies. In that office his mind with its facility for kindling to new interests turned to the question of imperial unity. Under the intensity of his new zeal for commercial union the earlier radicalism gradually withered. The social reformer disappeared from the screen and the outlines of an imperialist statesman began to grow clear. "The greatest common obligation of Britain and her colonies," he declared, "was imperial defence," the greatest interest was imperial trade. "Imperial defence is only another name for the protection of imperial commerce," and both deserved consideration by a Council of the Empire. "We have a great example before us in the creation of the German Empire. . . . It commenced with the union of two states which now form the great Empire in a commercial Zollverein. Gradually national objects and interests were introduced. . . . It developed until it became a bond of unity and the basis of the German Empire." Thus Mr. Chamberlain was drawing lessons from German history, and was fastening his faith in the solidarity of economic ties. Little Englanders had now become anathema. He had come a long way; he had entirely shifted his interest, but he was not yet ready to take up with the policy that was later to be attached to his name. He was explicit in stating that Britain could not offer any preferential arrangement to her colonies. "The foreign trade of this country is so large and the foreign trade of the colonies is comparatively so small." If on occasion he played with the idea of a great British customs union that would have meant a partial relinquishment of English free trade, he did no more than play with it.

Whatever his drift of mind, he stood sturdily by free trade—until his announcement of 1903.

To understand how he came to change in that year, it is necessary to review briefly the progress of the movement for colonial preference. It is first heard of in recent times at the Colonial Conference of 1887 when Mr. Hofmeyr from the Cape proposed that a general tariff of 2 per cent should be imposed upon all goods coming from outside Great Britain and her colonies. The plan for some such customs union was brought up at various meetings of Chambers of Commerce during the next few years, but did not win significant recognition until the Colonial Conference held at Ottawa in 1894. That Conference expressed an opinion in favor of a preferential arrangement between Great Britain and her colonies. It resolved further that until Great Britain should see her way clear to joining in such an arrangement it was desirable that the colonies should go ahead with it on their own account, a resolution that had no immediate outcome save in Canada. The Dominion, which in 1894 had reduced the tariff on over 600 articles, in 1897 gave British goods a preference of 25 per cent and in 1900 raised that preference to  $33\frac{1}{3}$  per cent. This step was the work of the Liberal Party in Canada, and was dictated by two considerations,—a desire to lessen the general burden of the tariff, and a wish to meet the criticism that the Liberal Party was unfriendly to England. What had been the attitude of Mr. Chamberlain towards this movement? Mr. Chamberlain had long been a consistent free-trader; he had declared that any tariff spelled destruction to the poor man; at a later time, when the remission of the sugar bounties had been broached, he was careful to show that the effect of such a measure would be to put a tax of something over a million pounds a year on the working classes in order to give that sum to the West Indian planters. When he became Secretary for Colonies and an advocate of commercial union, he remained, though now and again leaning towards some preferential arrangement, a believer in free trade for England.

What led to his change of position? The causes may be summarized under five headings: the discontent in his own part of



England due to the decline of trade; the Sugar Convention of 1902; Germany's retaliation against Canada for her preference to England; the wheat tariff of 1902; and the Colonial Conference of that same year.

Mr. Chamberlain had lived all his life in Birmingham; he had been in business there. He had seen the iron and steel trade falling off. The United States and Germany were outstripping England in iron and steel manufacture; they were outstripping her in other manufactures, and the whole of north England was feeling the effect. That much-revered character, the hard-headed business man, was ready for that simplest explanation,—German and American tariffs and English free trade; he was to find in Mr. Chamberlain a willing spokesman.

The influence of the Sugar Convention deserves mention. For half a century the nations of Europe had been giving heavy bounties for the protection of beet sugar. Bestowed at first to encourage an agricultural industry, those bounties had developed the production of sugar to a point beyond the needs of the manufacturing nations. It became necessary to find an export trade and, with all the markets in neighboring nations shut off by tariffs, Great Britain was the only large outlet. The surplus sugar of Europe was thrown upon the English market at prices so low that the British West Indian planters found it wellnigh impossible to compete. The British government, unable to make any adjustment with the continental powers, finally threatened in 1902 to put up a tariff equivalent to the bounties upon European sugar. In the Brussels Sugar Convention the bounties were withdrawn, and in consequence the price of sugar was lifted to a point where the West Indian planters had a chance in the market. The significance of the series of events was twofold: it afforded proof of the possible value of retaliation or threatened retaliation, and it offered practical illustration of the policy of assisting colonies at the expense of the mother country.

The negotiations with Germany over Canadian tariffs undoubtedly had a bearing on Mr. Chamberlain's change of position. The Canadian government, before it gave a preference to British products, asked to be relieved from the treaty of 1865

which bound the colonies to admit imports from all the states in the Prussian customs union on most-favored nation terms. When that commercial treaty had been denounced, the German Federal Council retaliated by excepting Canada from the most-favored nation treatment which was given to England and her colonies, thus punishing her for making discrimination in favor of the mother country. Canada would be liable, it was hinted in the German press, to further differential treatment, and not only Canada but any colony that dared to follow in her footsteps. Here was a piece of German commercial arrogance that called for serious consideration in England. How could free-trade England retaliate?

More immediately related to the pronouncement of 1903 was the wheat tax of 1902, an emergency war tax of one shilling on the quarter. It was in connection with the proposed remission of this duty in the following year that the question of preference came before the Conference of 1902 and that Mr. Chamberlain saw a great light. When he went into that Conference he was as yet unconvinced of the necessity of tariff reform. But the Canadians proved too strong for him. Mr. Fielding spoke for a party which had given England preference and which largely for other reasons now found itself none too well fortified. Could he take back to Canada a special tariff concession from England in return for her past favors, the position of his party in the Dominion would be much more secure. He proposed, therefore, that Canada should continue her already existing preference, and threw out the hint that she might increase it, provided that the United Kingdom would give to the food products of Canada exemption from duties then or thereafter to be levied. So much the Canadian commissioners promised, and added that if Canada should find the principle of preference not acceptable to the colonies or to the mother country, she would then feel free to take such action as might be found necessary. This it was that seems to have won Mr. Chamberlain. For a decade he had, as Secretary of the Colonies, been seeking closer political and trade relations with the outposts of the Empire. The Canadian proposition seemed to him like an offer: Mr. Chamberlain went away from that conference determined to secure an English

preference for Canada. He went back to the Cabinet and urged, as we know now, that the one shilling duty on wheat should be retained. To Mr. Balfour's cabinet this smelled very like a tariff. When the Colonial Secretary pressed his plan, Mr. Ritchie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, threatened to resign. That was in November of 1902. Mr. Chamberlain went out to South Africa and on the wide veldt caught sight of his mission, formulated his policy, and marshalled his arguments.

It was in his home seat, Birmingham, that on May 15, 1903, he declared himself. He alluded to what he called the Canadian offer. "We cannot," he went on, "make any difference between those who treat us well and those who treat us badly." Two alternatives presented themselves,—to follow the small remnant of Little Englanders of the Manchester School, or, while seeking free interchange of trade, to "recover our freedom," to "resume the power of negotiation and, if necessary, of retaliation." "I believe in a British Empire . . . which . . . should . . . be self-sustaining and self-sufficient." "I desire," he concluded, "that a discussion on this subject should be opened." It will be observed that Mr. Chamberlain was far from talking protection. Such a tariff as he proposed was to be purely for colonial purposes. The commercial desires of his own part of England must have affected the development of his new belief, but they did not blur his vision of an imperial Zollverein. Of course people at once asked just how far the Colonial Secretary was speaking for the Cabinet, and the fact that Mr. Balfour on the same day had defended the remission of the shilling duty was an indication that Mr. Chamberlain had thrown his glove down alone. What would Mr. Balfour do? people asked, and received the answer a fortnight later when Mr. Balfour characterized Mr. Chamberlain's move as the inevitable outcome of the Colonial Conference. Were we, he inquired, to accept a position which left us perfectly helpless? There must be a weapon in our hands. No tariff, he promised, would be levied on raw materials, but food would have to be taxed. Mr. Chamberlain followed with an announcement that if a mandate were obtained—presumably at the next election—he would call another Colonial Conference, and he believed that the colonies would be able to give England as good terms as

she gave them. A tax on food would be necessary. And at this point Mr. Chamberlain really admitted what he sometimes failed to admit, that such a tax would raise the price of food. The workingman would be compensated by social reforms, such as old-age pensions and by extra wages. Such promises proved a surprise to some of his followers, who were quick to point out that old-age pensions would cost several million pounds and would require a considerable tariff, whereas a tariff for preference implied increased colonial trade, and hence decreased revenues from other sources. A tariff purely for preference was evidently not all that Mr. Chamberlain had in mind. There was more to this programme than the erection of an economic wall around Britain and her dependencies.

Opposition within the Liberal Party was to be expected, but within the Conservative ranks it at once became formidable. Mr. Ritchie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, pointed out that flour had risen in value, owing to the shilling duty on wheat. The Duke of Devonshire, Conservative leader in the Lords, was openly skeptical about the Chamberlain proposal. There were millions of people, he believed, with a slender margin of existence who had been brought into life by free trade. Mr. Balfour in a speech of June 9th stuck close to his first position. Uniformity of opinion could not, he thought, be expected of the government. Like Peel and Gladstone, he was confronted with problems of great difficulty, but, unlike them, he would examine those problems in the full light of day. He would be guilty of a breach of duty if he should express a conviction where none existed. It was to cost Mr. Balfour dear that he found it so hard to acquire a settled conviction. Mr. Chamberlain was hardly troubled in that way. He moved forward from position to position. The whole cost of the tax need not, he thought, fall upon the consumer. The increased cost of bread could be made up by a proportionate decrease in the cost of other articles, from which the tariff might be withdrawn. This did not sound much like old-age pensions, which Mr. Chamberlain had been offering a few days earlier. Old-age pensions, he explained, had no necessary connection with his policy. If the working classes preferred to get along without them, why then the threepence additional on the cost

of bread might be made up to them by a reduction of a similar amount in the cost of their tea, their sugar, or even their tobacco. Mr. Chamberlain was willing to please—if the Colonies were allowed a preference—and he knew, what was fairly patent, that the preference would have to be on wheat.

Meantime a group of about sixty Unionist Free-Traders, among whom were Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord Hugh Cecil, Sir John Gorst, and Major Seeley, unfurled their flag in the Commons by asking facilities for discussion of a motion for statistical information. The Prime Minister replied that no useful purpose could be served by a discussion of a general abstract motion. Lord Hugh Cecil was quick to say that the Colonial Secretary had invited discussion, and Mr. Balfour could only answer that there had been a good deal since then. This was the Mr. Balfour who, unlike Peel and Gladstone, was going to think over the matter in public. He was hard pressed; he saw his party breaking to pieces, and could think of nothing but to silence discussion and promise the appointment of a commission. Few Prime Ministers have had so dangerous a political bomb thrown into their camp by a friendly colleague. Mr. Chamberlain had no timidity about forcing an issue dangerous to his party. It was nothing less than remarkable how he could keep the whole thought of his party concentrated upon the subject. By July, within less than two months after his pronouncement, he was pressing for dissolution, and by September, when he could not get the Prime Minister's consent for a dissolution, he handed in his resignation. Since a preferential agreement with our colonies, he wrote, is at present unacceptable to the majority of the constituencies, he deemed it best to pull out of the government in order to be free to devote all his energies to the advancement of a cause not yet strong enough to command popular support. In accepting his resignation Mr. Balfour was careful to indicate his sympathy with Mr. Chamberlain's aims. Within a few weeks five free-trade ministers, including Mr. Ritchie of the Exchequer and the Duke of Devonshire, resigned from the government. Mr. Balfour must have felt himself on a raft which was breaking to pieces at both ends, but about that Mr. Chamberlain was not concerned. In a speech at Glasgow he stated the details of his



scheme. He would place a duty of two shillings a quarter on wheat and support it by a preferential duty on flour. He would impose an ad valorem tax of 5 per cent on foreign meat (excepting bacon) and dairy produce. He might put a tariff on foreign fruits and wine. In return for these increased duties he would take off three fourths the duty on tea and half that on sugar, and make corresponding reduction on coffee and cocoa. Mr. Chamberlain was proposing merely to charge the incidence of the tariff in such a way as to help out the colonies. They would be prepared to meet Great Britain. They will arrange, he promised, to refrain from starting industries in competition with those of Great Britain, a promise that called forth immediate protest from overseas, and was in consequence modified in the printed form of the speech. In another speech Mr. Chamberlain was no better advised. His words have been many times quoted: "Agriculture as the greatest of all trades and industries . . . has been practically destroyed, sugar has gone, silk is gone, iron is threatened, wool is threatened, cotton will go. How long are you going to stand it?" This was no cry for preferential trade, but the utterance of a tariff reform alarmist, of one who had studied none too carefully the figures of English imports and exports.

It is little wonder that Mr. Balfour found it hard to follow such a lead. The Prime Minister stuck to "liberty of negotiation"; for that he would ask a mandate at the next election. Caution seemed necessary. The free-trade group in the Conservative Party was looking across the edge. Lord Hugh Cecil was breathing out threatenings and slaughter, and Winston Churchill in January of the next year ran for northwest Manchester on the Liberal ticket. It looked as if Mr. Balfour's raft were going to pieces. By following a middle course he had not saved but merely confused his party. When in January of 1905 he was at length forced to state his opinions, the half sheet of paper on which he put them availed not at all to clear up the situation. He wished a fiscal system that would give freedom of action, "to protect the fiscal independence of these colonies which desire to give us preferential treatment." He desired closer commercial union with the colonies, for which a Colonial

Conference was to be called. He did not wish to raise prices at home. Nobody wished to raise prices, but how to avoid that result and keep a tax on food Mr. Balfour did not say. He did nothing to straighten out the party tangle. When asked whether he agreed with Mr. Chamberlain — who had recently declared that there was no difference in principle between them — Mr. Balfour remained silent.

While the Prime Minister was hesitating, Mr. Chamberlain, with his instinct for party machinery, was getting hold of the Unionist organization. Men like Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Ritchie, and Lord Hugh Cecil, were being made to walk the political plank, and when they appealed to Mr. Balfour were told evasively that matters of party regularity must be settled by the constituencies. The situation could not last. When in November of 1905 Mr. Balfour at a conference of the Unionist Clubs and Associations urged all factions of the party to get together on a moderate policy, he was coldly received. Mr. Chamberlain came out a few days later in a fighting tariff reform speech and warned his hearers against the blunted swords of those who did not wish to fight at all. Mr. Balfour resigned and the leader of the Liberal Party, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, became Prime Minister. Within a month Parliament was dissolved and a general election was called for. That election was fought over several issues, but it was clear that the Unionist Party sought to make the Chamberlain programme the leading issue, while the Liberals, not at all avoiding it, directed their attention rather on the vote-winning issue of Chinese slavery in South Africa. Men like the Duke of Devonshire voted the Liberal ticket. Everybody recalls the result,—a sweeping victory for the Liberal Party. There were left in the Commons but 157 Unionists, of whom 102 might be classified as Tariff Reformers, 36 as Balfourians, and perhaps 16 as Unionist Free-traders. Neither in the manufacturing nor agricultural districts had tariff reform proved a vote-getting policy.

If he had done nothing else, Mr. Chamberlain had ruined Mr. Balfour's record as chief minister. A man of extraordinary ability, Mr. Balfour has already gone down into history as the man who could not make up his mind. When Mr. Chamberlain

pressed in 1902 for the retention of the one-shilling duty on wheat, Mr. Balfour had his chance. Had he then come out in downright fashion for the use of that duty to give a preference to Canada, he would no doubt have lost Mr. Ritchie and the Duke of Devonshire, but he would have acquired his weapon for retaliation and might have kept most of his government. Or had he—impossible notion—come out for the whole of Mr. Chamberlain's platform, had he turned "whole-hogger," as the phrase went, the political result would have at least been better than it was. Doubtless fifty or sixty Unionists would have crossed the floor, but he would have had a more compact support and all the advantages of a new and attractive issue. Or had Mr. Balfour come out definitely against Mr. Chamberlain's proposals after the May speech, he would have disrupted his party, but at that time he might have kept the greater part of it. And Mr. Chamberlain might have been driven out into the wilderness. By his intermediate position Mr. Balfour satisfied no one. He held his party together in such a way that they were swamped. Mr. Balfour has often been called a wobbler. It was Rowland Hunt who penned the quatrain:—

He thinks of the great free-traders,  
He thinks of Cousin Hugh,  
So do all the wobblers,  
Who begin to wobble too.

The lines are hardly fair. Slow to make up his mind, Mr. Balfour took a position at length which no doubt represented as nearly as he knew his honest belief, but which was an impossible compromise. Only by earnest conviction and quiet decision was there political safety.

Mr. Chamberlain had those requisites. Yet even his game was a hard one to play. A man of supreme political insight would have discerned that his bolt was shot, that the people of England did not wish a tax on food. Had Mr. Bryan been in Mr. Chamberlain's place he would have tried a new political investment and not have supported a lost margin. And Mr. Chamberlain might have made such an investment succeed as Mr. Bryan could not. Mr. Chamberlain was too much taken with a dazzling idea, and was too confident of his political

mastery to estimate accurately the political situation. To him the election of 1905 proved that his party needed only fully to accept his policy. He made it clear to Mr. Balfour that unless he were prepared to support tariff reform, a separate group for that purpose would be organized within the Conservative Party. In the end Mr. Balfour, on February 14, 1906, wrote the famous Valentine letter, in which he declared that fiscal reform must be the first constructive work of the Unionist Party. Its exact method need not, he thought, with Balfourian evasiveness, be determined; but he favored a general tariff on manufactured goods, and did not regard as objectionable a small duty on wheat. In the words of a vigorous writer at the time, the salt had at last been sprinkled on Mr. Balfour's tail.

It is interesting to speculate on what would have happened had Mr. Chamberlain retained his health. Probably the mills of the gods would have ground little differently. Not long after Mr. Balfour's surrender and only a few days after the celebration of Mr. Chamberlain's seventieth birthday, in the summer of 1906, he was stricken down, never again to be able to drink delight of battle with his peers. Only the ghost of the great man lingered on to watch afar the progress of his cause, until the decline of that cause must have become evident even to him.

But for a while the cause looked very far from a declining one. From 1906 to 1908 the movement which he had set going went surely forward, as if its protagonist were yet speaking. Mr. Balfour promised that if the Unionists came into power a Colonial Conference would be called to discuss the method of preference. A secret group was organized of which twelve men were the leaders, whose purpose it was to drive out of Parliament the free-trade Unionists. Supplied by a large war-chest, they were startlingly successful in their efforts. It fell in with their schemes that at the Colonial Conference of 1907 the overseas Premiers almost to a man welcomed the Chamberlain proposals, and put the Liberal government in an embarrassing position. Such was the situation in 1907 and 1908. By 1911 it had changed. A great deal of water had flowed under the bridge in the meantime. Mr. Balfour found it wellnigh impossible to coöperate with the group who had the upper hand in the party. He knew and the

supporters of Mr. Chamberlain knew that a preferential policy meant food taxes. Furthermore, he had abundant information from the party lieutenants that the average man was afraid of taxes on food and could not be induced or frightened into voting for them. The notion of an imperial system bound together by imperial ties could not warm the ordinary imagination sufficiently to offset the unwillingness to pay more for bread. Mr. Balfour's political judgments received scant respect from the Conservative leaders. He was, they thought, a political Hamlet, infirm of purpose. When he weakened in the support of the Chamberlain policies and allowed himself to be manœuvred into promising a referendum on fiscal reform should his party come into power, the Chamberlainites became restive and Mr. Balfour resigned the party leadership. His retirement resulted in the election of Bonar Law, who had proved himself a most cogent debater, not only for preference, but for a general tariff. The choice was a triumph for the "whole-hoggers." The Unionist Party had been quite captured. But the victory was to prove a Pyrrhic one. It is the irony of history that about a year later, just at the time when the last of the Unionist free-traders were coming into camp and giving up their private opinions in the interest of party unity, just at that time Bonar Law was forced to weaken, if not to surrender, on the matter of the food taxes. In the Ashton-under-Lyme speech of December 1912 he made it clear that food taxes were not to be imposed unless the colonies at a conference to be called should ask for them. "We do not want to impose these duties," he said. He was attempting to cover a complete retreat. He had yielded to an irresistible movement in his own party to throw the food duties overboard. Only 30 to 40 per cent of the members of Parliament were in favor of such duties, the *Times* had declared. The Unionist Party had found out very much too late—what Mr. Balfour had discerned earlier—that the English public would not consent to a tax on food. Bonar Law, recognizing his own defeat, was eager to resign. He was induced to remain leader, but the strength had gone from him. With food taxes given up the whole idea of preference went by the board. It will hardly be revived again unless the war, the consequences of which, not to speak of its



outcome, only the rash could predict, might, as part of the enormous burden of taxation, make necessary a general tariff and afford a natural opening for preference.\*

It remains to consider four results of Mr. Chamberlain's tariff propaganda. It may be asserted in the first place that his policy alarmed the Germans. Just three years before the speech of May 1903 the Kaiser had set going his new naval policy. To initiate such a policy was one thing; to persuade Germany to pay the bill for dreadnoughts was quite another. Mr. Chamberlain's announcement played into the hands of the Kaiser and the naval party. He had already made himself a red flag to the German nation. To them he had become by words and deeds the personification of English aggressive policy. Whatever proposal he made aroused their suspicion. He was now planning a tariff policy by which Britain was to hedge herself and her colonies about with commercial restrictions such as the Germans themselves used against others. Such a customs union, copied out of the German book, would prove a stunning blow to Germany's increasing foreign trade. Indeed it may have seemed to wise Englishmen, that England's enormous colonial possessions imposed upon her a kind of obligation to maintain free trade. In any case the idea that the great "See-Räuber," perfidious Albion, having got her grasp on the best parts of the earth, should shut them off from others by preferential duties, was abhorrent to a nation that lusted for colonies in every sea and would have lost little time in turning them all into commercial preserves, with foreign trading "verboten." The Chamberlain scheme would not only hamper Germany's future business opportunities, but it would lessen her sales at once. One third of her foreign business, it was roughly estimated, was with England and her colonies. In Canadian preference Germany already had a foretaste of what she might expect. That a party which represented upper-class sentiment—to whose weight in England Germans have always attached undue significance—should support a policy so dangerous to Germany was reason enough

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\* Save for this sentence and three sentences in the two opening paragraphs, this paper was written before the beginning of the present war.

for increasing the German navy, for getting ready for the "day." The Chamberlain policy put economic interest in Germany upon the side of big naval budgets, it gave support to the Prussian habit of aggression, and some shadow of reason to the dreams of the Pan-Germans.

In the second place, Mr. Chamberlain's policy not only set his own party by the ears, as we have seen, but caused the disorganized forces of the Liberal Party to join step again. For several years before Mr. Chamberlain's pronouncement in 1903 the leaders of Liberalism had been pulling different ways. About English policy in South Africa, indeed about the broader question of foreign policy, there were two camps set far apart. It was always possible that Liberal Imperialists might go where Liberal Unionists had gone. Over Home Rule for Ireland there was hardly less dissension. The *rapprochement* of 1902 had been more apparent than real. It was Mr. Chamberlain who did what neither Lord Rosebery, Harcourt, nor Campbell-Bannerman had been able to do: he brought into real harmony the various groups of the Liberal Party. Campbell-Bannerman might not agree with Lord Rosebery over Home Rule, Mr. Asquith might differ with Mr. Morley about foreign policy; about tariff reform they were all agreed in opposition. Mr. Chamberlain had demoralized his own party and united that of his opponents. Never had red herring been more successfully drawn across a political trail.

Mr. Chamberlain's proposal not only united the Liberal Party but eventually gave its control into the hands of the radicals and made possible the Lloyd George budget of 1909 and the social-democratic measures that followed it in rapid succession. It will be recalled that the Unionist Party, although they criticized features of it, did not oppose the plan for old-age pensions which was put through in 1908. But they were quick to call attention to the enormous outlay demanded. How was the expense to be met, they asked, and framed a ready answer. The war alarm of 1908-09 gave them the chance for another question. The cry—

"We want eight  
And we wont wait"—

prevailed. Thanks to Conservative insistence, the Liberal leaders were forced, not without great reluctance, to give way

and to promise the eight dreadnoughts demanded by the music halls. The four extra warships thereby allocated would cost at least \$40,000,000, in addition to the \$60,000,000 for old-age pensions. The Chamberlainites, urgent in pressing for defence, were the first to ask: Where are you going to find the money? The regular means of taxation, said they, are played out. The people can stand no more. Now, they said, you will have to impose a tariff. And in saying it they had the good precedent of the wheat duty levied after the South African war to fall back upon, and many another good precedent. More money had to be found; the colonies were demanding preference, and bye-elections in favor of the Conservative Party were proof that the people were ready for a tariff. It was Lloyd George with the budget of 1909 who saved the day. It was the pressure of the tariff reform issue that gave Lloyd George the chance to bring in that budget. But would not the budget have come anyway? Had not the bell been rung for land and social reform? Undoubtedly the progress of the suns was sure to bring land taxes and social legislation of a radical kind. That they came so quickly is due, I believe, to the intrusion of the Chamberlain issue into politics. Everybody knows that there was a strong left wing of the Liberal Party ready and waiting for just such a policy. But it is sometimes forgotten that they had by no means persuaded the great moderate element in the party of its feasibility. The conservatism of the Liberal Party of 1906 will be apparent to anyone who will go over the campaign of that year. We are already so far removed from 1906 that we find it hard to realize how different the Liberal Party of that year was from the Liberal Party of 1914. Old-line Whigs still towered high. Lloyd George and Winston Churchill were as yet underlings. John Burns was an illustrious example of a workingman who had come up in the world, rather than a powerful influence for radicalism. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman regarded himself as an advanced radical, but would have hesitated at some of the policies his party was later to take up. Masterman and Simon had not yet emerged. Not only the leaders but the centre of the party were Whig. They were not prepared for radical policies; they would have been a long time preparing,

had it not been that they saw the party embarrassed by the supporters of Mr. Chamberlain. In such a crisis they were willing to listen to new voices who would find a way out. Not only could the Welsh demagogue show them a way out, but he had a radical fighting issue to oppose to tariff reform, a fresh issue to offset one that had grown a little stale. The chance was too good and the Whigs capitulated.

Mr. Chamberlain, pleading for tariff reform, had involuntarily given a push to those forms of radicalism to which as a young man he had looked forward. What one has wished for in youth, says Goethe, in old age one has in abundance.

In the fourth place, the Chamberlain movement, if it failed to gain its end, put English thought in solution about colonial questions for ten years, gave the colonies a new sense of their importance in the imperial system, and led in consequence to closer ties between the colonies and the mother country. It has often been said that the Conservative Party enacts what the Liberal Party fights for. In this instance the syllogism may be reversed. When Mr. Lewis Harcourt, after the Colonial Conference of 1911, was able to indicate that the Colonies would aid in the matter of defence, he was announcing the realization of what Mr. Chamberlain had most at heart. Mr. Chamberlain desired an imperial Zollverein because he believed economic ties the strongest ties. He hoped to bind Great Britain and her Colonies in the most secure way not only for commercial advantage but for protection against foreign aggression. When in his years of seclusion he saw Canada planning to build dreadnoughts, and Australia and New Zealand laying them down, he must have realized that part of his aspirations were on their way to fulfilment.

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## HAPPINESS

Did anyone ever go out of life declaring himself totally unacquainted with happiness? And was there ever a human being who did not desire happiness? Man looks upon happiness as his natural heritage. Always he has been dreaming of some Utopia, always been searching for a Promised Land. Even with no expectation of lying on flowery beds of ease, he looks forward to some sort of felicity. His hope of Heaven is based on this belief in happiness. Though his craving for happiness has sometimes led him far astray, driving him to killing excesses, impelling him to fearful deeds, it has oftener been a restraining influence, an impetus to right-doing, an incentive to advancement.

At the beginning of human existence, man, to maintain life, was forced to secure for himself certain comforts,—food, shelter, warmth. These comforts were essential to happiness, no less than to life. Even the rudest mortal is sensible to comfort; and the greater one's refinement the more will one's comfort, and therefore one's happiness, be made or marred by one's material surroundings, the more will one demand an environment of perfect neatness and cleanliness, the more will one crave the sight of beauty. An ugly, dingy wall-paper may be positive torture, bringing one, it may be, to the point of tears. And yet, if one's days are spent in joyful labor and one's windows frame a glory of hill and vale, even the dingy walls may be endured.

Appetizing food, we have said, is a contributing factor in this matter of happiness. There is reason in the common saying that a man is good-natured after a good dinner. No man can go about his day's work with any vim or joy on an insufficient breakfast. The housewife who feeds her family well, catering thoughtfully to individual tastes and needs, is much more likely to have a happy, contented household than the woman who finds the planning of meals a trouble and leaves everything to servants. Ruskin's mother, we are told, was a consummate housewife, and we know that her gifted son counted it among his blessings that



he was early taught the meaning of peace. We may take as a good sign the present popularity of the domestic economy courses in the schools and colleges. There is hope in this revival of interest in household matters; for it is an indisputable fact that good housekeeping and good cooking are an aid to efficiency as well as a promoter of happiness.

Companionship is essential to the happiness of most people, though inability to content one's self in solitude is usually an indication of poverty of soul, and the dislike of being alone springs most often from a kind of vanity, a desire to have one's self-love gratified, a need of being constantly assured that one is a good fellow. A man like Thoreau can even delight in solitude, finding a sweet and beneficent society in nature, rejoicing when an early twilight ushers in a long evening in which many thoughts have "time to take root and unfold themselves." Even humble, patient, unlettered souls have sometimes possessed the secret of contentment in solitude. The matron told of by Wordsworth in the *Excursion* is an instance. This woman, an inhabitant of a remote hill farm, left alone through the three mid-winter months from the dark of early morning to the dark of evening, finds many sources of comfort and companionship,—her wheel, her fire, the ticking of the house-clock, the cackling hen, the tender chicken brood, the wild birds that gather round her porch, the sheep-dog's honest countenance. "And above all," she is made to say, "my thoughts are my support."

A life may be poor in happiness and yet rich in enjoyment. Ruskin's was such a life. The soul most susceptible to pleasure is often the least destined to happiness. The nature having the largest capacity for happiness may be the most sensitive to suffering. Happiness, moreover, is always something exquisite, and it is the nature of things exquisite to be fleeting, evanescent, easily dispelled. A settled happiness is as rare as a rhapsody of happiness; and when it exists it is usually a hard-won, well-earned calm.

We delight in the pleasure that comes seldom. When a busy, hard-working man declares that to play cards in the day-time is his idea of happiness, we know he means that the rare treat of doing something unusual gives him genuine pleasure; he does

not mean that his happiness depends on this day-time recreation. I have seen a business man, whose fate it was to do daily office work, take real pleasure during a holiday season in running the lawn mower. It is always a good sign, I think, when a preacher loves to go fishing. There was once a French queen who took to butter-making as a pastime. If it was truly a recreation, then there was virtue in the act. To the professional gambler, is it the game or the chance of gain that gives pleasure? Was any man of this profession—unless he happened to have a Becky Sharp for a wife—ever known to enjoy a quiet game in the bosom of his family?

We are always happier, I believe, for having been happy. One's nature gets set toward happiness. I repudiate the affirmation "That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." Even before the advent of old age, we are often cheered by the memory of happier days. One known characteristic of the French people is their elasticity of spirit. May not their social instinct, their domestic tendencies, their love of home, be at the root of this racial distinction? There is a significant passage (quoted by Ruskin in *Fors Clavigera*) in Marmontel's sweet picture of his own child-life. "What," he says, "in my memory is the chief charm of my native place is the impression of the affection which my family had for me, and with which my soul was penetrated in early infancy. If there is any goodness in my character, it is to these sweet emotions, and the perpetual happiness of loving and being loved, that I believe it is owing. What a gift does Heaven bestow on us in the virtue of parents!"

Marmontel's life was happy in the blessedness which George Eliot valued so highly. "A human life," she thought, "should be well-rooted in some spot of a native land, where it may get the love of tender kinship for the face of the earth, . . . a spot where the definiteness of early memories may be inwrought with affection." Mrs. Wharton tells us of Lillie Bart that she "had grown up without one spot of earth being dearer to her than another; there was no center of earthly pieties, of grave, endearing traditions, to which her heart could revert and from which it could draw strength for itself and tenderness for others."

The highest happiness is a kind of rapture, a kind of devotion;

it springs from passion of some sort, a passion for art, a passion for truth, a passion for gold, a passion for service. It is indeed a blessed thing that there are in this world persons who find happiness in doing for others. It is fortunate likewise that there are lovers of fact, persons possessed of a passion for research. Then there is the ecstasy of the poet (he delights even in poetic pains); the rapture of the dreamer; the joy of expression, in whatever medium; the pleasure of manipulation, whether one works with brush or pen, with words or colors.

Usually we love to do what we can do well. Sometimes, however, the desire is given without the power. There is a humorously pathetic instance of this state of things in Mrs. Freeman's story of the village poetess. This poor old maid's cry of disillusionment and grief comes often to me: "Had I ought to have been made with a wantin' to do, if I couldn't?" And here comes in the larger question, the question as to how far it is worth while to spend time and effort in the pursuit of an art for which one has no great gift, or whether the cultivation of mediocre powers is ever worth while. The answer, I think, depends entirely upon one's estimate of pleasure.

The delight that comes in doing what one can do well is a very genuine pleasure. I have a friend who is an accomplished cook, a maker of delectable dishes. "I am never happier," I have heard her say, "than when I have a lot of people to cook for." This preparing of feasts satisfies both her love of excellence and her love of achievement. It is the same passion, I suppose, that starts a man in search of the North Pole, or sets him to some work of invention, or some gigantic artistic or literary task, some history of Frederick the Great (for even Carlyle must have found some joy in his work, notwithstanding his woful plaint), or some statue of Perseus. The happiness springs from enthusiasm and from the gratification which comes through the exercise of power, energy, intellect, and deftness.

Some people are happy in idleness. These are dreamers for the most part, contentment in habitual idleness being usually a sign either of depravity and imbecility or of extraordinary powers of observation and reflection. The poet Wordsworth spent his days in unabashed idleness, and the world has cause to be

thankful that he was thus permitted to spend his time. John Milton, but for those thirty-one years of leisure and freedom, might never have produced his immortal poem. The number of poets who have been lost to the world because of the necessity of taking up some practical occupation, we shall never know. Neither can we know whether these unfortunate ones have been happier or otherwise in the unfulfillment of their powers.

That the passion of love, an almost universal passion, should bring supreme felicity to so few is still a fact to wonder over. It is rather curious that our noblest example of wedded bliss should be found among the poets, a class famous for their inconstancy of affection. It is strange, too, that fiction should afford so few examples of conjugal happiness. Novelists seem to be taken up with the depiction of love in its early stages, with the joys and vicissitudes of courtship. If there is any portrayal at all of matrimonial relations it is the wretchedness rather than the bliss that is set forth. So far as I can recall (I am speaking now of English fiction), Mrs. Craik's *John Halifax* and Arthur Christopher Benson's *Watersprings* are the only works of fiction in which there is any dwelling upon the sweetness of married love. It is certainly a theme worthy of the highest powers. If its development offers little excitement for the reader, it surely affords the nicest opportunity for the display of psychological insight on the part of the author. Is it that this perfect union of souls is too rarely realized in life to make the imaginative conception of it enjoyable? Alas, even the most ecstatic love has its admixture of grief; even a Romeo's joy is no more than "sweet sorrow."

But if the bliss of perfect companionship is denied, there is in most lives some share of enjoyment, often of a kind that approaches the level of happiness. We have all known days when just to breathe and enjoy the sunshine was happiness enough, days when cares and anxieties seemed to weigh less heavily, yea, were well nigh forgotten; days when a blessed peace seemed to settle over the spirit. A Wordsworth, unblessed with conjugal happiness, would still find joy in the fair sights of earth; Ruskin, denied the desire of his heart, found no less delight in mountain, sea, and sky, blue gentian and alpine rose.

A search in the storehouse of memory brings to light some strange antics, reveals some curious relics. A dear old lady whom I sometimes visit, when asked to recall from her own past some scene or moment of happiness, related briefly what seemed to me, until I had given the matter a little reflection, a rather trifling incident. My friend was raised on a farm, which included within its domain a choice bit of woods, through which a crystal-clear stream ran merrily. A cedar-lined lane led to this little dell. At the end of the lane, the ground sloped steeply toward the mossy banks of the stream. Wandering down this lane one day with a group of children, whose impulse it was to run down the hill, the lady suggested that they roll down; accordingly the game was played, to the delight of all. The performance, on the part of that grown woman, was a wholesome piece of childlike abandon, a wholesome revival of the spirit of childhood. The incident was therefore quite worthy of remembrance. A backward look into my own past discovered to me, much to my surprise, just such a frolicsome moment, the scene of it standing out in clearest outline and sparkling in purest sunshine. It was the simple pleasure of lying buried in warm sand on the sunny slope of a dune, and of sliding down after a time for another dip in the sea. There must be something of the savage and something of the child in all of us, some primitive instinct that makes us delight, sometimes even to the end of life, in this sort of nearness to nature and this sort of freedom from restraint.

It is a significant fact that every person of whom I have made this request for recollections of felicitous spots of time has recounted out-of-door pleasures, having their source in the beautiful sights and sounds of earth. When these wonders have been enjoyed in happy companionship, they remain in memory as spots of sunshine. One friend recalled a Florida day. The occasion was an excursion, made in company with a dearly-loved brother, from Miami to one of the Keys. A memorable feature of the scene was its wonderful beauty of color. "I had never dreamed," said my friend, "that the ocean could put on such a tint of sapphire." She walked over the little isle searching for new plants, and found several. On the way home there came up



a bit of a shower, just enough to make a rainbow. "So the joy of the out-door world," my friend said in conclusion, "was added to the loving companionship of my brother. Truly it was a red-letter day."

The sound of waters, especially if heard in the dark, often leaves a keen impression of pleasure. Here the element of mystery is a contributing factor. I was once driven at night from Salem to Marblehead Neck. This was unfamiliar ground to me. As we crossed that narrow strip—scarce wider than the driveway—where the bay washes up on one side and the ocean waves break on the other, I was reminded of the children of Israel on their strip of dry land between the heaped up waves of the Red Sea. 'Twas a strange feeling that came over me. Apparently we were on firm land, yet the sound of waters was in my ears, and the swash and murmur told me that the waves were almost upon us. My eyes told me nothing. The experience is one I like to recall.

Since happiness, after all, is a state of mind, could we preserve that serenity of spirit which is ours at rare moments, happiness might be ours even under adverse circumstances, even under cruelty, tyranny, and injustice, even under bodily pain. This serenity of mind becomes habitual only where there is a perfect simplicity of soul and a strong assurance of faith. There is, however, a calm hard to account for, the calm sometimes exhibited at supreme moments,—the hour of execution, time of extreme danger, periods of fearful suspense, moments of excessive joy. What is the secret of this composure? How can it be explained? Is it an exaltation? Is it a merciful deadening of the senses or is it a quickening of faculties never before realized, a sudden leaping of the spirit to higher flights? Could we discover the secret or source of this calm, we might learn the way to a perpetual imperturbability which should be a kind of exaltation, and lead finally to perfect happiness.

One would expect a wealth of spiritual life to be a surer source of happiness than it seems to be. I recall the lines:—

"Hence endless occupation for the soul

Hence cheerfulness for acts of daily life,

Hence, amid ills that vex and wrongs that crush  
Our hearts . . . . . that peace  
Which passeth understanding."

These are the words, and yet how seldom has their truth been realized? Is it that our spiritual sympathies and affections are quickened only through suffering? Is it only when we can say,—

"A deep distress hath humanized my soul,"—

that we know true blessedness?

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## A STUDY OF THE THREE UNITIES IN SHAKESPEARE'S REPRESENTATIVE PLAYS

Throughout the ages there has been unceasing conflict between the individual and society. From the time when primitive group spirit was dominant this struggle has been obvious. A rationalizing element has gradually developed in opposition to the habitual and merely passive submission to custom and arbitrary authority. But, in spite of the great advance in individualistic conceptions, the struggle is not yet ended. Every aspect of modern life—economic, social, political, religious—reveals a contention between these two elements. Radicals, Progressives, Free-Thinkers, and Higher Critics exist alongside of Conservatives, Standpatters, and orthodox religious adherents. The issue still remains.

Many years ago this contention became extended in scope, reaching even the sacred realm of art. Society, representing evolutionary judgment, decried the capricious *ipse dixit*, and demanded for great art, law, government, tradition. The individualist responded, saying, "Rob art of its personality, and you take from it its most enduring, most transcendently beautiful, possession."

Now, of all arts the drama is most democratic. Yet even this has not escaped the individualistic and anti-individualistic strife. More modern tendencies have demanded larger freedom and initiative in opposition to the limitation and restriction of the ancient drama. There are still those with us, however, who, because of the greatness of the early forms of this art, demand a modern imitation of its lesser virtues.

The form of this early drama was a logical expression of the life of its founders—the Greeks. The classic drama, as found in Sophocles, for example, is exquisitely clear and simple and "austerely beautiful." An *Œdipus*, an *Antigone*, or an *Ajax*, still charms and delights us. Yet the very life such a play represented, the very nature of its production, made it comparatively limited in scope, with few actors and little change of scene. The fact that each play was one of a trilogy made the

length much less than that of a modern drama, and of necessity the action was strongly unified.

Later, Aristotle formulated his theory of the drama according to the art which he best knew — that of the Greeks. In so doing he laid down that controlling law which has been recognized as a necessary one throughout the ages — unity of action. He defined it as “an organic unity — an inward principle which reveals itself in the form of an outward whole.” It is opposed to plurality, but not to the idea of manifoldness and variety, and demands that the parts should be “arranged in a fixed order and structurally related so that none can be removed, none transposed, without disturbing the organism.” Then, with the Greek drama still in mind, he added, not as a definite rule but as a commentary on Greek art, “Tragedy endeavors so far as possible to confine itself to a single revolution of the sun, or but slightly to exceed that limit.”

At the hands of the French and Italians, with their eternal emphasis upon form and literary “mechanics,” Aristotle’s suggestion in regard to time was changed to a definite rule. Twenty-four hours was made the limit. Nor was this all. Accepting the desirability of “unity of action,” demanding as a consequence “unity of time,” they deduced still another “unity” law — that of place. This law demanded that the scene be laid in one place; or, if that were not possible, at least in one town or community. At the hands of these critics, then, formal perfection was to be attained, whatever the price. Individualism was entirely prohibited, and exclusive loyalty to tradition demanded.

As modern initiative developed, however, the wisdom of adhering to the last two of the three unities began to be questioned. Freedom of conception could not endure the arbitrary restrictions of “time” and “place.”

The best method of judging the relative merits of these two schools is probably to apply the pragmatic test. Can the individualist produce great art? No more certain criterion can be gained, then, than by a study of the representative plays of that greatest of all dramatists, William Shakespeare.

First of all, let us look at his great masterpiece, *Othello*. No

one can doubt that the author is here moved primarily by the action. Guided by his sure dramatic instinct, the conception of characters is indissolubly united with his conception of dramatic action. Every scene, every act, every episode, is totally controlled by the one idea of the drama. Each part is "structurally related so that none can be removed, none transposed, without disturbing the organism."

A single illustration may suffice. The early scenes, at the time of the appointment to the commission at Venice, reveal, first the setting and background of the story; second, the characters of the leading participants in the action; third, a suggestion as to the final outcome,—the statement of the exciting force. The same concentration, purpose, and logical coherence is maintained in each scene throughout the play. Take even, the minor scenes from the drama and you will find the action retarded and confused, for each brings us one step farther toward the ultimate goal.

Unity of action, then, is maintained. But is the same true of the unities of time and place? We begin at Athens, and within a few hours are transported to Cyprus. A long journey is taken, but no definite allowance made for time. Still, we do not wonder; indeed, we fail to perceive it in the least, in the acted play. And why should we? We are living with Othello and Desdemona, and are not really ourselves. Since this ideal world is a mental one, place and time are simply products of the mind.

Again, within thirty-six hours after her arrival in Cyprus, Desdemona is smothered—that is, when we examine the play minutely, with the time element in mind. Yet many things imply the logical estimation of long time. Frequent illustrations of this implication recur. One or two may serve to indicate it.

At the close of the first act we are left with the impression that it will require some time for Iago to accomplish his purpose. He says that his plan is "*after some time* to abuse Othello's ear." Later, in Cyprus, the commission having arrived but two days before, Bianca speaks to Cassio and chides him for having been "a week away" from her. And then, when Othello and his company have been scarcely three days in Cyprus, Lodovico



arrives, announcing that Othello is to return and that another official is to succeed him.

Many critics have sought to explain such seeming inconsistencies by the "historic" and "dramatic" time theories. Elaborate discussions of fine points have been formulated showing just why Shakespeare planned "long time" implication here and there, while in reality comparatively rapid action is maintained. Like many another genius, Shakespeare suffers from the admiration of too devoted critics. Without seeking for some hidden purpose in this treatment of time, may we not accept, as the simple and probable cause, an individualistic indifference to such minor rules and precepts? Absorbed in the maintenance of unity of action, he let other matters take care of themselves. Frankly surrendering all devices to cheat the senses, he wrote for a bare stage with no scenery, the place to be pictured as your imagination would have it.

The same was true of time. Knowing that it, of all things, is most compliant to the imagination, he found it even less troublesome than the element of place. A simple law of psychology proclaims the fact that months and years which pass enlivened by little action may, in contemplation, be compressed into the briefest space, while an equal time marked by many events seems to stretch out indefinitely.

In this play, then, allowing the imagination to care for place and time, unity of action becomes his one controlling principle.

When one considers the work of Shakespeare's contemporaries, the boldness of his initiative in disregarding the unities of time and place becomes more striking. Although Marlowe placed unprecedented emphasis upon freedom, there were not lacking writers such as Sackville, Peele, and Greene, who demanded exclusive adherence to classical tradition. Ben Jonson, the great protagonist of the classic school, defiantly opposed the romantic spirit and employed the dramatic unities in all of his plays.

In sharp contrast it is interesting to notice Shakespeare's further treatment of the unities as it appears in *Romeo and Juliet*. We again find the time element somewhat confusing. Obviously, however, the old interpretation of this unity as meaning that the time must be compact within a single revolution of

the sun is utterly disregarded, for the action probably occupies about five days. But when we see the play acted, as Shakespeare intended we should, the time element becomes very vague and leaves no distinct impression. We infer at first thought that the action occupies months and years rather than days. And why are we not troubled by our lack of definite knowledge in this regard? We are living with Romeo and Juliet. When our emotions are being "purged through fear and pity" there is little need for sordid time conceptions.

As to place, Shakespeare almost adhered to this unity law, as liberally interpreted by having the action centre round Verona. But Romeo was later banished to Mantua and Shakespeare desired us to see him there receiving the misconveyed message from Friar Lawrence. Of course we could, after the old Greek plan, have received word of this through a messenger or some other *deus ex machina*. A chorus might have asked of someone unusually well versed in the affairs of the heavens and the earth, "And in what wise did the evil news swoop down upon him? Declare to us, who share thy pain, how it befell."

But who cares to resort to such a formal, arbitrary makeshift when it is possible for him to behold Romeo at Mantua with his own eyes? And Shakespeare, the artist, gave us a truly artistic portrayal—by taking us to Mantua. Then we accompany him eagerly back to Verona with no sense of rebellion because the unity of place has been disregarded.

The third and great unity—that of action—is not so obviously maintained in this play as in *Othello*. The plot is not quite so direct and uncomplicated, since there are two strands of the story—the feud between the houses and the love of Romeo and Juliet. Nevertheless, the action is strongly unified, as can be shown by a few illustrations. The feud makes necessary the secret marriage of the lovers; it brings about the death of Tybalt at the hands of Romeo; the killing of Tybalt in turn gives rise to Romeo's banishment; the feud again causes Juliet to be powerless to speak of her former marriage when Paris begins his suit;—this in turn causes her to drink Friar Lawrence's sleeping potion and ultimately brings about the death of herself, Romeo, and Paris, whereby the feud is ended and the houses reconciled.

There is but one plot, then, and no strictly irrelevant matter, since even the short humorous bits serve their purpose of dramatic relief. Consequently this play, also, maintains unity of action.

One of the most difficult plays to analyze with reference to the minor unities of time and place is the tragedy of *King Lear*. Unlike most of Shakespeare's plays there is not even a hint as to time, not a single reference being made to it throughout the whole play. Critics have estimated that the play itself covers ten days, with an interval between Act I, scene 2, and Act I, scenes 3 and 4, of something less than a fortnight, with the possibility of an interval of a day or two between Act IV, scene 2, and Act IV, scene 3. This would make the longest period, including intervals, that can be allowed for this play, one month. This can be but a matter of interpretation and inference, however, for there is nothing which can give definite proof of it. To the average reader the time seems much longer. Such intensity of action, such multiplicity of events seems to demand many months or even years.

As to place, that, too, is uncertain. We are quickly transported from palace to palace, from castle to heath, from the British to the French camp. But we scarcely realize it. Never do we stop to ask, "Now just where is this palace, camp, or heath situated?" We do not know, and *we do not care*. Evidently Shakespeare himself thought it of little consequence, since he made no effort to reveal it to us.

In *King Lear*, again, we have a somewhat complicated plot, but essential unity is maintained. The several strands of the story,—Lear, Goneril, and Regan; Edmund, Gloucester, and Edgar; Goneril, Regan, and Edmund; the war story; Cordelia and King Lear,—are all inextricably bound up together, and all move toward the final tragedy. Consequently the unity-of-action law is not disregarded.

In another of Shakespeare's masterpieces, *Hamlet*, unity of place would have been maintained had not the scene been changed in the fourth act from Elsinore to a plain in Denmark. As to time, again there is evident confusion. In reality the whole action probably occurs within a week or ten days, but, as

usual, many things give us the impression of long time. Two or three illustrations will reveal this more clearly.

Horatio is introduced in Act I, scene 1, as one familiar with all the affairs both in and outside of Denmark. He has evidently been in Denmark some two months since he came to attend the funeral of the late king. In the next scene, however, he is represented as greeting Hamlet for the first time after a long absence.

Again, we always think of Hamlet as a procrastinating youth, continually hesitating and postponing his work of vengeance. But, as we have seen, the entire action takes place in a week or ten days. Hence there cannot be so great delay as we have been accustomed to think. The length of time is seen to be largely estimated by impression. If a week or ten days does not seem sufficient to us for Hamlet's development of character, in what a predicament would Shakespeare have placed us had he observed time-unity and given us an action lasting twenty-four hours!

Although the plot of this play appears somewhat complicated in comparison with some of Shakespeare's more simple and direct dramas, as usual, essential unity is maintained. The affairs with Polonius, Ophelia, Fortinbras, and Laertes are not mere underplots but are identical with the central theme of the play — Hamlet's work of vengeance.

Did Shakespeare, then, ever observe all of the three unities in a single drama? In only one, *The Tempest*. The time here is compressed into three hours, the only place mentioned is an island and the water surrounding it, the plot is simple and uncomplicated. Yet even here it may be safely conjectured that Shakespeare did not restrict the drama to the unities. Rather more probable is it that the story itself appeared best adapted to a portrayal in which the three unities were employed. Likewise, had Shakespeare lived in our age and presented a modern drama he would undoubtedly have employed the unities as unconsciously used in *The Servant in the House*, or Ibsen's *Ghosts*, simply because they would have been best suited to such a representation as these plays demand.

We are fond of regarding Shakespeare as a very "un-

knowable" and reticent creature who never expressed his own thoughts by putting them in the mouths of his characters. But would it be illogical to think that it is not Hamlet but Shakespeare himself who gives the instructions to the players in Act III, scene 2, of *Hamlet*? Would it be even more illogical to call this Shakespeare's sane view of all art?

"You must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it [the play] smoothness. . . .

"Be not too tame neither, *but let your own discretion be your tutor*: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, *that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature.*"

Thus, Shakespeare let his "own discretion be his tutor," paying little heed to the demands of arbitrary form and refusing to be bound by the shackles of conventionality.

Though in him we admire this attitude of independence, probably very few of us are yet ready to adopt it ourselves. We mediocre ones stand somewhat appalled before fearless initiative. We could never achieve the boldness of a Shakespeare or an Emerson and say, "Leave me alone. Do not teach me out of Leibnitz or Schelling and I will learn it for myself." And well it is that we do not advocate such a doctrine, since for ordinary man it would lead to little less than anarchy.

But Shakespeare was not limited by the infirmities of mediocrity. His artist's soul was a certain guide which kept him aloof from mere impressionistic whims, and hence he did not "o'erstep the modesty of nature." Likewise his sure dramatic instinct caused him to reject mere cold, passive formalism which is "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null—dead perfection, no more." It was his supreme privilege to bless the world with living, vital art.

Such individualistic power reminds us of a man who lived many centuries before the age of the Elizabethans. Unusual bodily strength rendered him independent of all laws of physical restraint. When it was sought to confine him as other men were imprisoned, Samson "took the doors of the gate of the city of Gaza, and the two posts, and went away with them bar and



all, and carried them up to the top of an hill which is before Hebron."

Likewise Shakespeare, unparalleled in intellectual strength, took the bars, posts, and doors of the city of tradition upon his shoulders, and bore them to the top of another hill—the great mountain height of genius. The restraints and rules to which other men were subject became obedient to his will.

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## BATTLE SONGS OF SERBIA

At the small town of Klitchèvatz on the Danube between Semendria and Ram, was stationed a Serbian military unit. On the high hills overlooking the river some masked guns had sent whirring shells into Austrian trenches before the sunshine of a September afternoon gave place to the darkness of chill evening. The foot soldier had retired to his dugout and was cleaning his rifle after the scattered skirmishing of the day. Down the long hill and into the village came a tramping column of infantry: they were moving up to take positions in the first line of defence. Austrian aeroplanes had returned to their hangars with the coming of night, and these troops marched the roads in the half gloom of a late twilight, secure from attack. Leaving Nish, they had each borne a flower in the muzzle of the gun, but now the posies were forgotten, and bayonets gleamed through the dimness of darkening night. It was not too dark, however, to distinguish a large man, full of travel, who marched in the first rank and sent his huge voice booming across the stillness as he led his companions in song. It seemed as though a shadowy figure from out the past had come again, a minstrel to sing the warriors to battle, an idealist to stir the heart of the very soldier:—

Hear, ye brother Slavonians,  
A Serbian mother's voice.  
Enemies are rising  
Our downfall to rejoice,  
To soil by vandal force  
Our honor sanctified.  
For liberty and Serbia  
Oh, God, with us abide.  
Come, oh come! Serbians arise,  
Follow, brothers, follow,  
For home and family ties.

Rally now, ye Serbians true,  
To battle without dread.  
Take up the rifle, grip the sword,  
The powder and the lead.  
Don't allow the race to die,  
Name and tongue so dear.

Fight to keep your liberty,  
Then slavery never fear.  
Come, oh come! Serbians arise,  
Follow, brothers, follow,  
For home and family ties.

Mighty Marco Kraljevitch,  
Bring forth your golden mace;  
Petar Karageorgevitch,  
Lead on your loyal race.  
Shield the people from disgrace,  
And let us bravely die  
For Serbia, our Mother dear,  
While you hear our battle cry;  
Come, oh come, Serbians arise,  
Follow, brothers, follow,  
For home and family ties.

Nor is it fantastic to speak thus of the modern Serbian soldier. Out of the past there comes to him in history and in song a long tradition of warfare. Serbia occupies a central position on the Balkan "bridge" between Europe and Asia, and five hundred years ago defended this bridge against the Turk, who faced Mecca in prayer and Vienna in the hour of battle. But more important to these dark warriors of the mountain than the protection of western civilization has been the protection of their own numerous small landholdings. Like Macaulay's Horatius who saw "On Palatinus the white porch of his home," the Serb has been fighting for the very land on which he lives. No nation in history has such an unvarying succession of defensive wars as compared with wars of aggression. So that fact is reported in song. The defence of Nish, the defence of Belgrade, the defence of liberties, the defence of Christianity—these are the traditions of the race. And whenever the standard of Serbia was unfurled against Turkish encroachments in religion, in law, or in land, the Cross went forward in war against the Crescent. Each battle was a conflict of principles, of right with wrong. It is no mere chance that Bishop Nyegosh was buried as a true poet of his race, near the stars, on the summit of Lovtchen: mountain and bard are closely interwoven in the history of the people. Mr. Noyes correctly interpreted this spirit in the last war against the Turks. The words of one of his poems come out of an

English book as an almost exact parallel to a song sung by a peasant artilleryman who thrummed, on a crude one-stringed instrument, as he chanted:—

Comrades, you know not  
The splendor of your blades!  
This war is not as other wars:  
The night shrinks with all her stars,  
And Freedom rides before you  
On the last of the Crusades!

Reverse the sword! The Crescent is rent asunder!  
Lift up the hilt! Ride on with a sound of thunder!  
Lift up the Cross! The cannon, the cannon are dumb.  
The last Crusade rides into Byzantium!

But Serbia has not always been successful in her resistance to Turkish oppression and Austrian aggression. Nevertheless, time and again she has risen against the Moslem; she has played diplomacy with Austria and Russia, Berlin and London, to gain a little more aid. Always she has been fighting. A young soldier there is a veteran of three or four wars; an old man a veteran of eight or nine. When the Turks were driven from Serbia in the beginning of the nineteenth century, an autonomous principality was established with a constitutional government which, however altered by the changing Obrenovitch and Kara-georgevitch dynasties, always guarded the tiller of the soil. So, few people in the kingdom own more than three hundred acres of land, and almost all own at least twelve acres. This is the reason the small farmer has been so insistent in defending the land against the Moslem, in wishing to retain, if you will, the liberty of raising pork on his own property. Small wonder that he fought, yesterday and years ago, so long as he was able.

Yet in more recent times, since a political unit has been established for the Serbian nationality, it has been the aim of these folk to free all of their people from the imperial domination of Hungary and Austria. The assassination at Sarajevo was not an accident; it was the symbol of a hope for expansion, a hope expressed in the following little song, which, for want of a better title, I shall call "Emancipation":—

Bosnia, my dear Bosnia!  
The sky above thy land is blue,  
But yet no sun shines down on you,  
Poor Bosnia!

Liberty, cherished Liberty!  
Soon, soon our fighting men  
Shall cross the Drina, bringing then  
Your Liberty!

The tradition of mighty Marco Kraljevitch is typical of the nation. The last survivor of a terrible battle, the old epic says, climbed to a mountain-top, killed his steed with a single blow of his huge blade and, before dying, broke his lance and sword in seven pieces that no enemy might boast of taking his arms. And this legend has had its counterpart to-day, in the great retreat of 1915. Twice within the last two years the same thing has happened: at an artillery position on the Danube a certain battery could not withdraw its cannon supplies and so stayed at work, firing the overheated gun with such rapidity, in order to use up the munitions and leave none in enemy hands, that the advancing Austrians judged reënforcements had arrived—and retired. Again: the last stand of the Serbian army in retreat before the Germans and Bulgarians was made at Prisrend where more than a hundred of the French 75's were arranged in a huge semicircle pointed at the Bulgar army; and after five days of bloody fighting the Serbs fired their last shell, spiked the guns, and slipped through a narrow path where the river Drina cuts into the Albanian mountains. They fight to the end, these Serbs.

The similarity of these incidents to ancient tradition and song is amazing. A nation which cradles its youths, like the heroes of Homer, to antique chants of high courage ever preserves the ancient valor and produces new heroes for the inspiration of future ages. The warriors of Kumanovo and Prisrend were told in their childhood such tales as this, from an old Serbian epic:—

As morning dawned upon the Eastern hills,  
Two great ravens soared in circles black  
Above the spreading plain of Kossovo.  
They came to rest upon the tower, white



And tall, which had in ages long ago  
 Been built for our illustrious Serbian prince.  
 One croaked mournfully, the other spoke :  
 "Is this the tower of our glorious prince?  
 And is there no one in the tower now?"  
 The princess heard and, swiftly mounting up,  
 She climbed the tower and thus she questioned them :  
 "God bless you both! Tell me whence you came  
 So early on the morning wind?  
 Is it by chance from the field of Kossovo?  
 Did you see two powerful armies fight?  
 And which was victorious?"

In solemn tones the ravens both replied :  
 "We give thee many thanks, Militza, for  
 Thy blessing. Yea! It is from Kossovo.  
 We come with news of battle yesterday,  
 Between two powerful armies on the plain.  
 Of the Turks, a few remain ; but of the Serbs  
 All that live bleed from mortal wounds."

They fight to the end, these Serbs, because they always fight for freedom. "Tipperary" or "The Girl I Left Behind Me" do not form the themes of their battle songs. An expeditionary corps fighting away from home is unknown in their military annals: they always fight on their own ground to resist aggression. So the songs tell the same story:—

Rise, rise up, ye men of Serbia.  
 Unsheathe the sword in honor's cause.  
 Rise in defence of King and of Country ;  
 Never submit to enemies' laws.  
 Rally, rally, duty calls us,  
 And the foemen we shall slay.  
     With hearts aglow and colors flying,  
     Serbia shall crush her foes :  
 Save once more our Fatherland,  
 Our King and patriotic band.  
     Save once more our fatherland,  
     Our King and patriotic band.

Spare us, God, whom we adore,  
 From the shame of new defeat.  
 Hear again what we implore—  
 Strength in this our great distress.  
 Protection bring us as before,  
 Our fate is in Thy hands.  
     With hearts aglow and colors flying,  
     Serbia shall crush her foes.

Save once more our Fatherland,  
Our King and patriotic band.  
Save once more our Fatherland,  
Our King and patriotic band.

A continuous fighting tradition has made her literature patriotic. In the bookshops of Belgrade and Nish may be found translations of Maeterlinck, Shaw, Tolstoy, Daudet, and other Western authors: but few Serbian romances or poems. Their history is romance: their battle song is their verse. Like the "Marseillaise," the patriotic tunes were, if not written, at least immortalized on the march. Like "Rosalie" and the *Soixante-quinze ça c'est à nous*, sung to-day by the *poilus* of France, these traditional Serbian verses grew out of the life at the front. Many an old rhymed or musical chant tells of the exploits and unflinching bravery of their forefathers. The story of their political conflicts with Turkey, Austria, Russia, and Bulgaria is long and complicated, and often ends in defeat. Yet in all the hopeless muddle of Balkan warfare, there is no other nation with a finer record for courage than these Serbs. Their worth has been tested not only in victory, which means nothing, but in the hour of bitter defeat, which means that more idealism shall pass into rhyme. If, as Burns said, songs make the country, in Serbia 'tis courage makes the songs.

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## WALT WHITMAN: A STUDY IN BRIEF

### I.—HIS ADVENT

In 1855 when, according to the historian Rhodes, the average American was a white-faced and black-coated dyspeptic, there was born into the world of letters a volume called *Leaves of Grass*. Its author was one Walt Whitman, a man of thirty-six years' experience of this world from Long Island to New Orleans; six feet tall and two hundred pounds in weight, with prematurely white hair and beard, uncut and majestic, the avowed herald of nineteenth-century thought and the poet of democracy. And when Ralph Waldo Emerson had read the book, he wrote to Thomas Carlyle (one of the Delphic utterances of these two old prophets of the race, in their temples on either side of the ocean):—

“One book, last summer, came out in New York, a nondescript monster, which yet had terrible eyes and buffalo strength, and was indisputably American—which I thought to send to you; but the book throve so badly with the few to whom I showed it and wanted good morals so much, that I never did. Yet I believe now again, I shall. It is called *Leaves of Grass*—was written and printed by a journeyman printer in Brooklyn, New York, named Walter Whitman; and after you have looked into it, if you think, as you may, that it is only an auctioneer's inventory of a warehouse, you can light your pipe with it.”

In his ancestry Whitman was part Dutch and part pure Yankee, heir to generations of simple minds and powerful bodies,—patient, slow-footed people, yet withal possessed of a neurotic tendency which at times produced insanity. The sensitiveness of Whitman's physical nature was manifest from childhood, when he loved to lie in the grass to feel the little blades against his skin, or swim in the bay to feel the cool water flowing under his arms. The expression of sexual passion, for which he was condemned by his contemporaries, may be considered the natural result of this supersensitiveness to sense impressions, unrestrained by fear of disapproval or by respect for the social sanc-

tions. His philosophical creed proclaimed the fitness of all things, and was grounded on the doctrine that sex is the foundation of democracy as the source of perfect men and women of the future. His disposition and his rearing as an unchurched, unschooled boy naturally favored the most open revelation of whatever had been suppressed by others. And—chiefly this—when he wrote the earlier poems, in which appear the most characteristic utterances in regard to sex, he was in the heyday of his own physical passions, with the unfortunate and almost unknown experience in New Orleans, "the tragedy of his life" in regard to which he was later so obstinately silent, still burning in his memory.

Of his acquaintance with books and creeds, little need be said; part of his ideas may have come from reading, but they were selected and shaped by the natural temper of the mind. With Rousseau, he revelled in clean, comfortable clothing, and deified the natural man; with Emerson, he held to the transcendental doctrine of "each and all," and took counsel of his own soul. But his actual reading was largely in Shakespeare, Scott, and the magazines; for reading to him was merely one opportunity for random observation, not an avenue to systematic knowledge or a guide to spiritual truth. He read much as children look out from the windows of a railway coach—keenly observant, capacious of memory, but totally indifferent to the science of geography.

In his boyhood home in the western part of Long Island, he would often walk on the beach, declaiming Homer (probably in Pope's translation) to the incoming waves and the gulls. At some time during this period of youthful development, he felt a desire to write, and became a journalist and an amateur of letters; but it was not until after he had reached early middle age that he yielded himself unreservedly to the call and discarded for all time the high hat and frock coat for the soft felt hat and workman's blouse, and conventional forms of verse for the manner of writing which is characteristic of all except two of his later poems.

Such he was in youth—obtrusively unconventional; boastful of health and strength; proud in his freedom; sensuous, imaginative, vociferous, but above all possessed of a serene confidence in himself and his mission.

His parents were working-people. Born on Long Island in 1819, he left school at thirteen to help in a lawyer's, later in a doctor's, office; and afterwards he was apprenticed to the printer's trade, by which he supported himself intermittently during a large part of his life. At seventeen he taught in a country school. After this, he engaged extensively in journalism in New York and Brooklyn, and wandered west and south to New Orleans in 1848. The impressions which he then derived of the vastness and the wildness of the plains, and of the scope of the Mississippi, are intimately associated with his notions of democracy in the *Leaves of Grass*. In 1850 he was back in Brooklyn; and in the following year he was engaged in the building of houses. Though fairly successful, he soon decided that it was not his life work to make money. From this time on he devoted himself almost entirely to the laborious writing of poems and to the study of men and the visible phenomena of modern life. Day after day he was to be seen about the wharves, on ferry-boats, or walking the crowded streets of Manhattan. His first volume, *Leaves of Grass*, was set up and printed with his own hands in 1855; and throughout the rest of his life he continued to issue new editions of the volume, with such corrections or additions as he chose to make. From 1862 to 1864 he rendered volunteer hospital service as an army nurse, both in camp and in the Federal hospitals at Washington. While confining himself to the pestilential air of the sick-room, he became infected with "hospital malaria" and, exhausted by the long nervous strain, his splendid physique was soon broken; but he lived on until 1892, doggedly tenacious of life until the last, and much of his best work was written during that time, though in quite another spirit than his early exultation.

## II.—HIS DOCTRINE

From childhood Whitman was self-supporting, until his long illness made him dependent upon the generosity of others; and he took a delight in an unshaven beard, rough hands, and coarse clothing which is unique in the history of poets. In his writings is nothing of humor, little of what is commonly called sentiment. His is the material world of sunlight and labor and bod-



ily enjoyment. The glories of the Old World's art he sweeps contemptuously aside as "the small theatre of the antique and the aimless sleep-walking of the middle ages," which has served its day long since, and has been —

Blazoned with Shakespeare's purple page,  
And dirged by Tennyson's sweet sad rhyme.

He calls Americans to a new vision:—

Long enough have you dreamed contemptible dreams,  
Now I wash the gum from your eyes,  
You must habit yourself to the dazzle of the light and of every  
moment of your life.

Long have you timidly waded holding a plank by the shore,  
Now I will you to be a bold swimmer,  
To jump off in the midst of the sea, rise again, nod to me, shout,  
and laughingly dash with your hair.

As he differs from former poets in his view of life, so he rejects their works as being unfit models for Americans:—

America isolated I sing:  
I say that works made here in the spirit of other lands are so  
much poison in these States.

In the prose preface of his *Leaves of Grass* he gives a detailed outline of the life a poet of democracy must lead:—

"This is what you shall do: Love the earth, and sun, the animals, despise riches, give alms to everyone that asks, stand up for the stupid and crazy, devote your income and labor to others, hate tyrants, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence toward the people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown or to any man or number of men, go freely with powerful uneducated persons and with the young and with the mothers of families, read these leaves in the open air every season of every year of your life, re-examine all you have been told at school or in any book, dismiss whatever insults your own soul."

This course of life, which was a rough synopsis of his own, would in time prepare a poet to chant the songs of democracy. The idea of taking off his hat to no one was a heritage from his Quaker ancestors. The story is told that he once thrashed a church official for trying to remove the hat from his head when

he entered the house of worship. His faith in his own soul had been confirmed by reading Emerson, and it remained the polestar of his mystical speculations. His belief in the peculiar powers of uneducated persons, perhaps a legacy from Rousseau, but likely enough the result of association with half-illiterate people from childhood, is expressed elsewhere in the same essay:—

“There is that indescribable freshness and unconsciousness about an illiterate person that humbles and mocks the noblest expressive genius.”

But more than upon the illiterate, as well as the bookworm, he declares that society depends upon the “divine average.” Just what he means by this is not clear, nor amid his rhapsodies does he stop to explain, unless it be to dilate on the freedom of his ideal men and women, and their physical soundness. He pictures himself as the typical democrat in these words:—

Walt Whitman, a kosmos, of Manhattan the son,  
Turbulent, fleshly, sensual, eating, drinking and breeding,  
No sentimentalist, no stander above men and women or apart  
from them,  
No more modest than immodest.

In the later years of his own life, when he had been through the period of service in the hospitals and had become an invalid and an old man before his time, he insisted less and less upon physical attributes and increasingly more upon the spiritual qualities of fortitude and devotion:—

Women sit or move to and fro, some old, some young,  
The young are beautiful—but the old are more beautiful than the  
young.

It was this earlier stage of complacent admiration of brute strength that caused Lanier to write:—

“My democrat, the democrat whom I contemplate with pleasure, the democrat who is to write or to read the poetry of the future, may have a thread for his biceps, yet he shall be strong enough to handle hell; he shall still be taller than the great redwoods of California; his height shall be the height of great resolution, and love, and faith, and beauty, and knowledge, and subtle meditation; his head shall be forever among the stars.”

Furthermore, it is certain that Whitman was not unusually strong. His large muscles were flabby, and his descriptions of action do not ring true; his is the turgid applause from the bleachers, and not the crisp conversation of the field. He glorifies the body like a visionary poet, and not at all like an athlete. At bottom, it is not gigantic strength that Whitman is speaking of, but health and independent manhood and the enjoyment of life. He sings not *arma virumque*, but the contented man whom neither sickness nor poverty can deprive of happiness or of his faith in himself and in the universal order of things. Despite the fact that he exalts the body, he does not slight the importance of the soul, but rather seeks a more perfect adjustment of the two:—

I have said that the soul is not more than the body,  
 And I have said that the body is not more than the soul,  
 And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is,  
 And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to his own  
     funeral drest in his shroud,  
 And I or you pocketless of a dime may purchase the pick of the earth,  
 And to glance with an eye or show a bean in its pod confounds  
     the learning of all times,  
 And there is no trade or employment but the young man following  
     it may become a hero,  
 And there is no object so soft but it makes a hub for the wheel'd  
     universe,  
 And I say to any man or woman, Let your soul stand cool and  
     composed before a million universes.

Here we have the central expression of his democracy,—his unbounded faith in the possibilities of each individual. It is by the perfecting of individuals that reforms are to come about, for society is made up of units:—

One's-Self I sing, a simple separate person,  
 Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse.

This is similar to Emerson's idea that the individual alone is significant, and that social problems are not to be settled by agitation but by keeping one's self right. However, these individuals are not to be bound together and directed, as Emerson thought, by a patient Dæmon, a Destiny, but by the love of comrades. An entire section of Whitman's poems, the *Calamus*, is devoted to proclaiming his ideal friendship:—

Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,  
 I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon,  
 I will make divine magnetic lands,  
     With the love of comrades,  
     With the life-long love of comrades.

I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America, and  
 along the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies,  
 I will make inseparable cities with their arms about each other's necks,  
     By the love of comrades,  
     By the manly love of comrades.

For you these from me, O Democracy, to serve you *ma femme*!  
 For you, for you I am trilling these songs.

Whitman does not shrink from including in his democracy the outcasts of society. Recognizing the divinity that is dormant in them, he exclaims:—

Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you,  
 Not till the waters refuse to glisten for you and the leaves to rustle  
     for you, do my words refuse to glisten and rustle for you.

In a similar vein he writes to a President:—

You have not learn'd of Nature—of the policies of Nature you  
     have not learn'd the great amplitude, rectitude, impartiality,  
 You have not seen that only such as they are fit for these States,  
 And that what is less than they must sooner or later lift off from  
     these States.

His religion is one of optimistic expansiveness, a pantheism that is not without a certain swagger, as William James observed. He takes delight in observing the brutes, with their utter freedom from restrictions of conscience. Such a life seems to him saner, more natural, and in the end more religious than the ecstatic visions of Swedenborg or the tearful prayers of Augustine:—

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and  
     self-contain'd,  
 I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,  
 They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,  
 They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,  
 Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of  
     owning things,  
 Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of  
     years ago,  
 Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

III.—HIS RECEPTION

Whitman did not wish to be judged by the methods of critical examination. However his adherents might upbraid the literary world for its failure to do him honor, he had little ground for complaint; for he appealed, from the first, to what he considered the highest tribunal. In the prose preface to his *Leaves of Grass*, he writes:—

“The proof of a poet is that his country absorbs him as affectionately as he has absorbed it.”

What does the “divine average” think of Whitman’s work? What effect have the songs which he was so lusty in chanting for “these States” had upon “powerful illiterate persons”? Even at the present day, the reading of his work is largely confined to esoteric circles; upon the average reader of whatever rank in life he has had little direct influence, nor does it seem at all likely that he ever will.

John Burroughs attributes this to the sluggishness of the American intellect, saying:—

“The absorption by a people like ours, so thoroughly under the illusion of the refined and conventional, of a poet like Whitman must be a slow process, if it ever thoroughly takes place.”

He considers Whitman truly democratic in spirit:—

“Everywhere the poet identifies himself with this typical, composite, democratic man, measuring himself by the largest standards, matching his spirit against the cosmic forces, and appropriating to himself all the sins, sufferings, joys, heroism of mankind. . . . He has touched no theme, named no man not related in some way to America. The thought of it possessed him as thoroughly as the thought of Israel possessed the old Hebrew prophets. Indeed it is the same passion, and flames up with the same vitality; the same passion for race and nativity enlightened by science and suffused with the modern humanitarian spirit. Israel was exclusive and cruel. Democracy, as exemplified by Walt Whitman, is compassionate and inclusive.”

My spirit has passed in compassion and determination around  
the earth;  
I have looked for equals and lovers and found them in all lands;  
I think some divine rapport has equalized me with them.



It is now sixty-one years since Whitman's first volume appeared; and although his name and face have become familiar in that time, few people have actually been influenced directly by his writings. It seems that democratic America is determined to reject the prophet of her democracy. And why?

#### IV.—HIS WORK

Despite the accident of his birth and early life, Whitman was constitutionally unsuited to understand or be understood by the American people. He seemed to do everything by contraries, and was a *poseur* from first to last. His contemporaries were white-faced and black-coated dyspeptics; he must be a red-faced and blue-flanneled kosmos, "hairy as a buffalo," "eating, drinking and breeding." His contemporaries were prudes; he proclaimed, "I remove the veil." His contemporaries were familiar with the ballad stave, the standard form of popular poetry after centuries of natural selection; he adopted a verse-form which appeals only to men of delicate perceptions of rhythm. No one man in a hundred among the masses can read Whitman so as to bring out the rhythm, and not one in a dozen experiences a sensory response when the lines are properly read by another. Whatever critics may conclude from their barren discussion of the proper technical name for his writings, the fact remains that to the common ear, primitive as a child's or a savage's in its requirement of simple and sustained rhythmic patterns, Whitman's lines are not poetry.

Despite his undoubted passion for democracy and particularly for this country, Whitman was not essentially an American. In a day when the forests were mostly cleared and men had settled down to the routine of labor, he was unable to remain three years of his life at any kind of hard work. His position in society was of the most shadowy; he wrote a section of his poems to celebrate the physical act of fatherhood, but not two pages about the obligations involved; he dreamed of the future of the race through the rising generations, and deserted his own children. To him the solid world of commerce about him was but a part of "these shows." Political ties did not long hold him, in a day of intense party loyalty. He could not bring himself to enlist

in the army, when the call was irresistible to others. Despite his frequent acts of love and mercy, one of which was sufficient to transform his later life, he was to the last unwilling to assume any abiding responsibility. His was the life of the nomad; "he affected pilots, deck-hands, transportation men, almost in mass the creatures of *movement*." He was a genial vagabond from his youth up; a venerable-looking street Arab in later life; a Haroun al Raschid in blue flannels, questing Manhattan by night to observe the doings of men.

His brother George, the typical American, became a colonel in the Civil War and supported a family by hard labor afterwards, maintaining a home in which Walt boarded for a time. Walt could make nothing of George, and complained that George didn't understand him. George could make nothing of the *Leaves of Grass*: "I saw the book—didn't read it at all—didn't think it worth reading—fingered it a little." And there you have the American public.

Whitman began with a false conception of poetical expression. At the outset he assumed that a radical change would have to be made from the methods of Old World writers. As they used metaphors, and rhyme, and meter, and system, so he wished to discard all these. He was unable to escape figurative language, and his best poems are highly metaphorical. His most popular poem, though by no means his best, is one in which he returned to rhyme. His attempt to escape metrical limitations took him back into the rhythmical rhapsody of the early Hebrews. It is difficult to see how the irregular rhythmus used centuries ago in the Levant, legitimate though it may be, and highly effective as it becomes in Whitman's inspired moments, is more suitable for the expression of American ideals than the verse forms of Western Europe. Americans are not a race of men who have sprung upon the face of the earth at once, "chanting the square edific"; they are but the descendants of Europeans who settled on this continent, and, through separation from the Old Country and through conditions of climate and area and the novelty of circumstance, evolved a somewhat different civilization. His attempt to escape conventional poetic diction is least successful of all; for at least a quarter of a century, the phrase about

the "barbaric yawp" was enough to damn the entire volume for the average reader.

Indeed, Whitman's own writings exhibit the very faults which he attributed to art. "Nothing," he wrote, "is better than simplicity—nothing can make up for excess or for lack of definiteness." Yet his poems are interlarded with miscellaneous and half-understood foreign phrases, absurd nomenclature, and tedious and long-drawn enumerations. He declared, "The expression of the American poet is to be transcendent and new. It is to be indirect and not direct or descriptive." There is nothing transcendent about Whitman's expression (save in his loftiest flights, when he approaches nearest to conventional verse); and, so far from being new, it is thousands of years old. Instead of being indirect it plumps down every statement flat-footed; and as for descriptions, so many are crowded in at times that we miss the significance of the whole. Notwithstanding a number of felicitous lines and a few superb pieces of sustained song, he usually requires a considerable space to say anything; and it is difficult to take him in bulk, for the reader finds it hard to endure more than fifty pages at a time. In his attempt to gain power, he has frequently fallen into chaos. He does not know fully, though he hints at it in his later comments and exemplifies it in his best poems, that strength comes only as a result of order.

But from another point of view there is something transcendent about Whitman—the splendid exultation of his manhood, the serene content of his old age. It is not strange that Abraham Lincoln, when for the first time he noticed Whitman passing on the street before the White House, exclaimed, "Well, he looks like a Man!" And Whitman speaks to the world in a new way, though his verse-form is wellnigh older than history. He raised a new voice at a time when the American "poets of culture" were singing old songs and dancing to the music of foreign pipers. Though he is bluntly direct in particular statements, yet his poems are not so when taken as a whole. He is the musician who, out of chords and discords, builds up his symphony of human experience. Though it is easy to select isolated passages for condemnation, there is in all his work a

subtle unity and interdependence that should make us slow to pass judgment against single lines. At his best, he can express his central doctrine in striking fashion:—

Whoever you are! claim your own at any hazard!  
These shows of the East and West are tame compared to you,  
These immense meadows, these interminable rivers, you are immense and interminable as they,  
These furies, elements, storms, motions of Nature, throes of apparent dissolution, you are he or she who is master or mistress over them,  
Master or mistress in your own right over Nature, elements, pain, passion, dissolution.  
  
The hopples fall from your ankles, you find an unfailing sufficiency,  
Old or young, male or female, rude, low, rejected by the rest, whatever you are promulgates itself,  
Through birth, life, death, burial, the means are provided, nothing is scantied,  
Through angers, losses, ambitions, ignorance, ennui, what you are picks its way.

But we should miss the crux of the matter if we overlooked the fact of Whitman's mysticism. There can be no question that he experienced mystic revelation, at some time between 1850 and 1855, by which his whole future life was directed, and that this experience was sustained and supplemented by others. To him all things were well; the cosmos was self-sufficient; one need not worry about God; all doubts were eased by the mystic revelation of universal love and the fraternity of men.

To those who are able to follow him in his mysticism, as Bucke, Symonds, Edward Carpenter, Traubel, and the rest, he is a prophet, the oracle of democracy or of benevolent pantheism comparable only with the greatest names of sacred history. To the half-mystics, as Emerson and Tennyson, he remains somewhat of a problem, a "nondescript monster, which yet had terrible eyes and buffalo strength" or "a great big something." To the European who looks to America for the declaration of a new faith, as Swinburne, or the Socialist or Feminist who reads literature with a partisan eye, he offers a comfortable doctrine. To the lover of poetry, as certain of his biographers, he is, at best, a real poet, a maker of subtle rhythm and glowing language,

a singer of eternal verities and a new and vital force in literature. To the simple souls who knew him and loved him only as a friend and brother, the Pete Doyles of the cabs and ferry-boats, and the Marcus Smalls of the hospitals, his poetry is unknown, and his personality has become crystallized into a fixed tradition, to be told a little longer by feeble and garrulous old men. To the idle public, the people who bought three thousand copies of his poetical works in a single day on the report that they were salacious, the people who came occasionally to see him as one of the sights of Brooklyn or of Camden, it is likely that this extraordinary man will long offer some degree of interest, to be revived spasmodically from time to time until a generation has arisen that knows him not. As for the extreme formalists of criticism and the great mass of people, it is unlikely that he will ever mean very much to them; to the critics he will be a stumbling-block, and to the people, foolishness.

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## THE DARKENED GLASS OF EUROPE CLEARED

The war which to-day has spread its tentacles from South Africa to Kiau-Chau, and from the site of Eden's Garden in the ancient valley "Between the Rivers" to the fog-curtained waters "Somewhere in the North Sea," stands without counterpart in all history. It may be that a generation must pass before its causes can be determined accurately. It is all but impossible to specify exactly what vast issues are now being determined at a cost in men and money not to be appreciated by the mind of man. Yet this is the all-possessing question of the time, and however imperfectly, however blindly, it is a question that demands the consideration of all thoughtful students of history in the making. "*When* will it end?" is a query that takes heart-deep appeal to a staggered world. "*How* is it to end?" comes with yet greater force, for in those five syllables lies wrapped progress or stagnation, possibly even retrogression, for civilization for years to come.

Reduced to terms of the lowest denominator, the ideas (if not ideals) of the opposing sides in the mighty conflict may be said to be: "Liberty" and "Empire." If these be the passwords of the period, may it not prove worth while to look back across the more epochal pages of international annals, to see if there be any general trend of events by means of which the future may be even dimly discerned?

Seven broadly general facts work somewhat strikingly into the mental foreground, as one attempts any such examination of the Past. Summarized, they may be given in some such way as this:—

- (1) The domination of the primitive instinct for war prevailed well into the nineteenth century.
- (2) As the "Age of Reason" became more emphatic, finding its apotheosis in the glories of the Victorian Era, the exaltation of the physical gave way to the exaltation of the intellectual.
- (3) In the long periods of comparative peace there has ever been a modifying of the animal, so far as physical struggle goes; but this phase, in turn, gives place to an even keener

phase of warfare: the contests of minds for accumulation and power.

(4) This intellectual warfare has, of relatively late years, become involved by the appearance of pronounced socialistic and democratic tendencies and sentiments.

(5) Past events have invariably resulted quite differently from what had been anticipated at the beginning of their development.

(6) On the other hand, the world's wars and political intrigues, down to this present, have reflected clearly defined causes and purposes, quite as discernible at the time of their occurrence as now.

(7) Finally, these considerations unite to develop Hegel's theory that all history is an incessant struggle between states of the past and those of the future, for the realization of the ideal state.

. . . . .

The most eloquent illustration of the age of war and the grim uncertainties which invariably attended it, is found in the life of the oldest nation of the western world, Rome. The philosophy of history presents no more enduring picture on which to muse than that of the surprising contrasts of light and shade here to be discovered. After many lifetimes of an increasing splendor, the shadows fell fast, till, in the fifth century came the dramatic descent of the Goths and the suspension of Roman civilization until the reign of Justinian. Between the reign of Theodosius, ending at the beginning of the fifth century, on only to the reign of Justinian, in the sixth, there were the invasions of the barbarians under Alaric and of the Huns under Attila, the sack of the capital by the Vandals, the total extinction of the Western Empire, the crowning of the barbarian Odoacer as king of Italy, and his defeat by the Ostrogoth, Theodoric. The reign of Justinian was a strange mixture of greatness and infamy, the last ray from the setting sun of the Empire.

As for the West, from 800 to 1100 there were French and German emperors of Rome; and in the fourteenth century came that short-lived restoration of the Republic under Rienzi and Petrarch. In 1452 (a twelve-month prior to the Turkish taking of Constantinople) was the last coronation of a German emperor, Frederick III of Austria. A generation later the popes acquired

absolute dominion, and at last (1809) the Holy Roman Empire was snuffed out, like a candle, by Napoleon,—fit period to a story of human passions unbridled.

Between Clovis in the sixth century and Charlemagne in the ninth there appears no difference in the prevailing methods of settling disputes and accumulating territory,—battle and murder,—and as one moves on even to the sixteenth century there seems to be still no change. Is it too much to say that the House of Valois is mainly recalled for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and those poisonings and homicides in which Catharine de' Medici played so large a part? During this period occurred the wars of the Catholic League, the decisive battle of Ivry, and the subsequent raising to the French throne of Henry of Navarre; a man, by the by, somewhat reminiscent of Justinian, for he was just such another combination of nobility and baseness.

So up through the times of the Stuarts, Louis XIV, Cromwell, the French Revolution, and the wars of Napoleon, one sees prevailing that same primitive instinct for war and the sordid issues that go with it. It was of Louis XIV that Mazarin said "he had in him the making of four kings and one honest man." It was Napoleon who was dubbed "the Corsican bandit." There is no difference, so far as methods go, between the politician Catharine of France, of the sixteenth century, and the politician Catharine of Russia, of the eighteenth. There is really little between these and the immoral but gorgeous Semiramis of two thousand years before Christ.

There were four wars, however, occurring in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, so full of surprises that, in this respect, first among several, they have a certain significance for to-day. The Thirty Years War (1618-1648) was primarily a religious struggle, though grave political and feudal questions were interwoven with the religious. The beginning was simple enough, having to do merely with the claim of Frederick, the Elector Palatine, to the throne of Bavaria, but, before the terrible contest thus begun was ended in the peace of Westphalia, the original causes had broadened out into extensive and unlooked-for ramifications, bringing into the bloody puzzle Sweden in the person of Gustavus

Adolphus and France in the persons of the wily Richelieu and the picturesque military genius Turenne.

Of like interest is the era of the Spanish Succession, which, despite the victories of Marlborough, ended in the shameful peace of Utrecht (1713) and the wanton discrediting of the man who had done so much for English arms. This war and that of the Austrian Succession, like the present, involved all Europe. In the latter the Great Frederick, whom Macaulay represents as a prototype of Dickens's Quilp and whom Carlyle calls "the last of the kings," fought a series of battles with such a mingling of brilliant victory and tragic reverse as to keep the ultimate result in constant and painful doubt until the very end. It was the peace of Hubertsburg which caused Prussia, for the first time, to be recognized as one of the five great powers of Europe.

Then what a seeming anachronism befell!—for, twelve years after this war, which grew out of the Prussian Frederick's desire to despoil Maria Theresa in defiance of all right and honor, there commenced the American Revolution. What a curious contrast!—that, out of this mediæval atmosphere of conquest, there should arise against tremendous odds, thousands of miles away, a righteous outburst for human liberty, to end in the birth of the United States! Carlyle may say that the eighteenth century held nothing great within it, but it held the American War of Independence. If no more than that it would be supremely great in the promise that it gave for the development of mankind.

One must make allowances for Carlyle's spleen. As a matter of fact the eighteenth century was the first step in that period in which the energy of man, still bent upon accumulation and power, was to be transformed from a war machine into a money-making machine. It is here that will be found the beginning of that real intellectual development which was to give such potent evidence of its broad powers in the control and manipulation of natural resources.

In the realm of manufacture Arkwright invented a method of cotton spinning by rollers and Cartwright the power loom. These improvements finally led to the discarding of water power and the running of mills by steam. Passing the threshold into

the nineteenth century, the "Age of Ideas" becomes impressively apparent. At the very opening, Boulton and Watts's steam engine was at work in the English mint. In New York, Chancellor Livingston had invented an engine for running boats, later perfected by Fulton and Symington. Architects were beginning to talk about suspension bridges. Locomotives first came into being. Photography and electric telegraphy made their appearance and the first great connecting link was laid between the Old and the New Worlds, the Atlantic cable. Herschel was revealing old wonders of the heavens,—new to us. Davy was adding to the stores of science, Dalton announced the atomic theory, and Cavendish, chemist and astronomer, discovered the important properties of gases.

Further strides take the observer to the time of "The Wizard" Edison, to Bell's introduction of the telephone in 1884, the Bessemer steel process, and finally to these present times in which the progress of invention among all the elements has made living so luxurious, commerce so immensely lucrative, and communication throughout the world so easy. Ouida, in *Granville de Vigne* makes one of her characters say, "Ours is an age of science and of money. It is an age of machinery, tubular bridges, railroads, telegraphs, whose principal aim is to economize labor and time; an age in which everything is turned to full account from dead algæ to living brains," and if such feeling at the advance of materialism was shown in the middle of the last century how infinitely greater must the wonder be in this.

Alongside this striking advance in man's control of earth and air and water, or probably as a direct result of his victories, there are those still in the prime of life who clearly recall the genesis of a hitherto undreamed-of economic rivalry, with the most noteworthy instance showing in the relations of England and Germany. Forty years ago Germany was not a world-factor agriculturally or commercially, and yet in the past two decades she has invested \$1,200,000,000 in industrial companies. Since 1897 her agricultural production has doubled and industrial production increased seven-fold. Between 1905 and 1910 exports, consisting mainly of machinery, iron ware, coal-tar dyes, iron wire, steel rails and raw iron, increased by \$408,225,000. Be-



tween 1886 and 1906 Germany increased her exports of manufactured goods \$415,000,000, while England during the same period increased hers by scarcely \$300,000,000. Germany, too, has been fortunate in keeping her workers at home, whereas between 1903 and 1907, the increase of men leaving England for other countries was 61 %, and unemployment was greater in 1907 than for ten years previously.

When the intense commercial materialism of over a century is commented upon, there must be noted at the same time, in order fully to understand the present situation, a seeming anomaly. The great contributions of the Victorian Era to literature are responsible for a rapid growth in taste for reading and a general impetus to the cause of education, so that men and women, in all walks of life, have for some little time been thinking deeply along new lines and paving the way for a grand conflict of ideas.

How largely the civilized world has passed under an intellectual *régime* is seen when one considers the small number of wars between European nations since 1815. There have been but three—the Crimean, the struggles between Prussia and Denmark, and Prussia and Austria (practically one), and the Franco-Prussian. In the United States, during the same period, there have been the same number; the Mexican War, the Civil War, and the war with Spain. France had her revolution of '48 and her *coup d' état* of '51 resulting in the revival of the Empire, and there were a number of smaller struggles with uncivilized or semicivilized peoples, though it is not necessary to consider these for the purposes of this argument, which is concerned with the spirit manifest among the great nations themselves. Further, such wars as have been fought have been fought, in a sense, reluctantly, because, largely, of the injury warfare does to vested interests. Keen, cold materialistic diplomacy and statecraft have settled issues that in older days would have been balanced on the battlefield.

Public opinion, on broad grounds, has had much to do with this. As riches become more centralized both in Europe and the United States, as the scramble for power and wealth gradually

shaped itself into class divisions, with every possible device for luxurious living on the one side and moderate equipment for the enjoyments of life on the other, there developed a social contest which for want of a better phrase is often referred to as socialism versus wealth. After the collapse of the English Chartist movement, in the early 40's, Labor Unionism began to assume its place as a prominent factor in the island's commercial life, while socialistic influences of many kinds advanced noticeably in Great Britain, Germany and the United States. On the heels of this more purely social movement, all but innumerable phases of thought have become apparent,—religious, semi-religious, anarchistic, philosophical. Everything for the past decade has been suggestive of a coming eruption of some kind because of the mutinous elements in that great Realm of Reason which has supplanted the Realm of Chronic War.

Whatever may be the political causes of the present war, they are of little or no importance in summing up the effect of the struggle. Indeed, the war itself cannot properly be considered on exactly the same plane as any of its predecessors. They have been suggestive often enough of yet other conflicts to come, but (and the statement is made advisedly) such is not the case here. There is that which soars above the belching of cannon and the roar of musketry; it is the dissonance arising from the struggle between materialism and humanitarianism for the chance to grow in the right direction. Let the human intellect emancipate itself from false and artificial concepts—an emancipation that cannot lie in a distant future—and there will be little reason to fear a recurrence of such delirium as that through which the world is passing now. When once it is realized that confronting the nations is a great cataclysm of nature seeking the survival of the Ideal State, one begins to see what is likely to be the outcome of it all. In a word, it will involve (1) the prevalence of democracy in government, (2) the equalization of rights and opportunity, and (3) the decline of materialism.

When the smoke of battle clears and readjustment takes place, the great force in that process will be the people. This will be equally true whether the war is fought to a finish or whether a

deadlock result. Upon the people has fallen, and will continue to fall more and more heavily, hitherto unheard-of financial burdens. It will be for the people to lift those burdens, but when they are called upon to pay such costs they exact full compensation. History proves this at a score of points; the quarrel between Charles I and his Long Parliament is but a single instance. To-day the people can obtain money more easily than ever before, nor is there any doubt but that they will raise it, but in return they will exact a price which will guarantee the future as far as it is possible to effect a guarantee. It is, then, fair logic to assume that much that has heretofore been traditional worship will be dispelled. Faith and reverence for kingship and empire, implicit obedience to the demands and commands from a throne, are to be displaced by a practical national coöperation in which there will be little tinsel and where overbearance will be brought to a point where it can be controlled if not immediately overcome. In the Greater Democracy, here foreseen, must be, as the important ingredients, mutuality of confidence. As a natural corollary to these, will ensue a tendency to keep down armament, and as democracies grow stronger, armament will wholly disappear. Disputes will be settled by brains, not bullets.

After the war, political and social economy will advance by the entirely new adaptation to which energy will be put. The intellectual domination of the future, in time, will be entirely healthy. It must be. If this struggle is a scientific fact, a step in social evolution, then it follows that the only way in which it can act as such is in a new illumination of the mind.

One has a right to look for sane commercial regulations, international and intranational, whereby the fortunes of men will be regulated in accordance with strict economic justice. Overweening monopolies and absurd social distinctions will disappear in sympathy with the disappearance of the crushing features of monarchy. The people will demand this, as they will demand (and get) honest politics.

Finally, and more particularly, one may well consider what effect this crisis may be expected to have upon the future align-

ment of nations. Without expressing preference or prejudice, for the thought has been that this world-war is rather a struggle of ideas than of men or states, it would appear that the nations best calculated to handle the question of readjustment and to remain as the more potent factors in the balance of power are those that will prove quickest in realizing the best possible readjustment.

Russia can scarcely be one of these. It is true she has made rapid advance in education and has even put on some of the habiliments of democracy, but these facts are not convincing as evidences of a general tendency to advance. The physical principle of the centrifugal force overcoming the centripetal, is not applicable here, it is to be feared. It is a proposition hard to argue that the corroding, degenerating influence of centuries can be finally, wholly overcome in a generation and less. The most that can happen is a gradual merger, participated in by the educated Russians and an influx from stronger nations.

If opinion had been asked about France before the war, it would undoubtedly have been that she was decadent, but her wonderful preparation and the patriotic response of her citizens have quite negated such yesterday views. How far—or, rather, for how long—this modification can extend is difficult to state. The history of the nation is not reassuring in this particular, and one must hesitate to say that even such marked ability and patriotism at this juncture are of themselves conclusive evidences of a highly virile general condition. France has been great in the past through epochs created by the individuality of men like Charlemagne, Louis XI, Richelieu and Louis XIV, rather than by any coöperative live force resting in the people. The Gallic temperament is variable.

Upon the whole, and all but absurdly strange as such an opinion must seem, in view of the moment's antagonism, it looks as if the main responsibility for working out the new dispensation in Europe, Asia, and Africa must remain with England and Germany. Are they not likely to be the quickest in accepting the new order? Do not these two mighty peoples, allied not in ancestry only but in a thousand and one ways of life and avenues of activity, best promise to give present application

to that truth of historic development which Draper has enunciated?

"The civilization of Europe has not taken place fortuitously," he writes, "but in a definite manner and under the control of natural law. The procession of nations does not move forward like a dream, without reason or order, but there is a pre-determined, a solemn march, in which all must join, ever moving, ever resistlessly advancing, encountering and enduring an inevitable succession of events."

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## BOOK REVIEWS

INTERNATIONAL GOVERNMENT. By L. S. Woolf and the Fabian Society.  
New York: Brentano's. 1916. Pp. xxiii, 412. \$2.00.

As it used to be said that every resident of Boston carried a complete conception of the universe under his hat, so now it may be asserted, with not a great deal of exaggeration, that almost every political thinker has his plan to prevent war, which, upon the slightest provocation, he is ready to rise up and expound. The most recent, and in point of thought and detail one of the most elaborate, of these plans is presented in the volume edited by Mr. L. S. Woolf. It consists of two reports made by him to the Research Department of the Fabian Society on "An International Authority and the Prevention of War" and "International Government," and the outline of a project prepared by a "Fabian Committee for a Supernational Authority that will Prevent War." In an introduction to the volume Mr. Bernard Shaw explains that the reports were subjected to keen discussion in the Research Department of the Society; were published as supplements to *The New Statesman* and thus opened to general consideration, and were finally gone over by non-Fabian experts, some of whom had been working independently on the subject under the presidency of Lord Bryce—whose personal attitude toward a League to Enforce Peace is well known to Americans. Mr. Woolf's volume, therefore, is issued with much more authority than a single author, however eminent, could give it, and has the merit—all too rare in schemes to prevent war—of distinguishing between the practical and the ideal, between the twentieth century and Utopia.

The first part of the book presents the premises of Mr. Woolf's argument, and the closeness of his reasoning may be considered particularly fine when one remembers Mr. Shaw's statement that the author was weaned from *belles-lettres* in order to prepare these reports. Wars are said to have their origin in disputes arising from legal, economic, political, and social relationships, the last class including most of the questions of honor; and Mr. Woolf reviews international relations during the nineteenth cen-

tury to show how law and treaties have proved inadequate to settle these questions. He describes the achievements and limitations of international conferences and judicial tribunals: nations have occasionally been willing to submit to arbitration questions where "honor" or "vital interests" were concerned, but the fatal defect has been that they would not submit questions not arbitrable, not covered by treaties or definite rules, and where new law had to be created. Thus, some kind of an international legislature is necessary and is argued for, the author confessing that his plan leads to Utopia and that he must, in order to make only practicable proposals, rely on history to show that "a vague protoplasmic International Authority" has already made its appearance, and must rigorously limit his suggested International Government in order to make it workable.

Brief articles suggested for adoption by an international conference at the termination of the war show the details of Mr. Woolf's scheme, and should be outlined before attention is given his second report which argues the feasibility of, and answers objections to, these proposals. Without going into the details of the representation of the states, etc., it may be said that the plan involves the establishment of an International High Court to which will be submitted only those disputes which are justiciable—the question of justiciability to be decided by the Court itself. The experience of the world is that such disputes will be submitted and the awards agreed to. There is suggested, also, International Council "for enquiry, mediation, and eventual report [on] all disputes not 'justiciable,'" and this council would have extensive powers to enact new rules, subject to their ratification by the constituent states. The powers would, furthermore, bind themselves "in no case to proceed to any warlike operation, or commit any act of aggression, until twelve months after the dispute had been submitted to one or the other body," and "to put in operation, if and when required, the sanctions (other than war) decreed by the International High Court." These would include complete non-intercourse and such forcible measure as blockade, and the Fabian scheme suggests that this might be carried a step farther and the powers bind themselves "to make common cause even to the extent of war, against any

constituent State which violates this fundamental agreement." Finally, provision is made for an International Secretariat and for the publication of treatises by him in order for them to have a binding force.

As this outline shows, the Fabian plan is, in some of its features, similar to the proposals of the League to enforce Peace and the Bryan treaties. This is not the place to discuss the workability or the advisability of the scheme. It is sufficient to say that in his second report Mr. Woolf makes out an excellent case. He reviews the activities of the forty or more Public International Unions, of which thirty are provided with administrative bureaus—such as the Universal Postal Union—and he pointed out how the nations have continually sacrificed their interest for international advancement; the vital interests which are regulated by the embryonic international Government thus far achieved. "A modern State can only preserve its complete political independence either by cutting itself off from the rest of the world or by maintaining a mass of unregulated international relations which, sooner or later, must involve it in a deadlock which can only be ended by war." To subject these relations to collective regulation would not mean the endangering of the independent existence of any State: the whole course of history is opposed to such an assumption which is negatived also by the experience thus far with international regulation of international interests.

LINDSAY ROGERS.

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THE EUROPEAN ANARCHY. By G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Mr. Dickinson has long had an enviable international reputation as a critic and thinker of unusual brilliance. Readers of his "Greek View of Life" will recall the penetrating and clarifying appraisement he there makes of that unique civilization, and (what is much more valuable) how sanely he interprets the achievements and failures of the ancient Greeks in the fine art of living, in order that he may re-tell the message and re-sound the warning of the ancient world to that of the twentieth century. Moreover, to mention one of his more recent studies, in "Appear-

ances" he showed himself to a still greater degree the master of a clear mind and of a simple style in evaluating the social and cultural phases of our own times.

With such training in this superior sort of literary craftsmanship it was but natural, when the present calamity fell upon Europe, that he should turn his attention to political science and probe for the underlying causes and the possible results of the conflict. The conclusions of his investigation form possibly the most noteworthy contribution yet made to the subject now so generally discussed—After the war, what? Reviewing the causes that produced the great war, with an ability that puts to shame many a more ambitious writer and with a fearless neutrality that few of his fellow English Intellectuals have been able to exhibit, he comes to the inevitable conclusion that neither Kaiser nor Czar, munition king nor jingoist, can properly be blamed for the catastrophe, but that the whole system of European anarchy,—an incubus which Europe has borne these hundreds of years of bloodshed and destruction,—is responsible and alone responsible.

In a short preface to the American edition Mr. Dickinson thus concludes: ". . . Anarchy and destruction or law and reconstruction is the choice before the world; and the United States during the next months may largely help to determine which it shall be. A practical proposal for making the transition from anarchy to law is put forward by the American League to enforce peace. It is to some such solution that this essay points. For it shows how behind this war, as behind wars in the past, lay not merely the aggression of Germany, but the whole tradition and practice of European diplomacy. To take the lead in introducing into international relations that new policy which alone can guarantee and preserve civilization may be the special mission of the United States. On their action at this crisis of the race the future of society may depend. . . ." W. S. RUSK.

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THE HUMAN BOY AND THE WAR. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

To do a thing well once is often enough for most of us; to repeat it is a matter for comment, especially in the world of literary art; while to crown one's double efforts with a third volume

which gives no sign of an anticlimax is the wellnigh unique performance of Mr. Phillpotts in his *Human Boy* series. Some twenty or more years ago, before he had won the assured place he now holds among contemporary English novelists, he gathered within one cover some stories—first-rate stories—about Merivale, an English boarding-school with boys of assorted ages and interests, but all alike in their charming naturalness. A few years later a similar book appeared, *The Human Boy Again*, a rather dangerous trespassing on one's past success it seemed when sequels of other years were remembered. But it seemed so only before the stories themselves were read. Finally in the present year of Grace there was clearly another opportunity afforded for showing the boy in another set of relationships and of describing the action and reaction between the two most live things in the world just now—the boy and the war.

To say that *The Human Boy*, in this his third appearance is as engaging and human as ever is a sufficient recommendation to any who have already made his acquaintance. To the stranger it is a simple matter to introduce the youngsters,—they are so natural. Merivale is the scene of action. There is the same inscrutably ubiquitous and omniscient Headmaster, the same incomparably mean Mr. Brown, and the same popular Mr. Fortescue—his metamorphosis from an object of contempt to a demigod through his authorship of a natural war-song and the discovery of his possession of an "aorta" which prevented his active participation in the war form one of the most delightful chapters in the book. In fact, superlatives are alone possible when describing the school and its scholars, for everything and everybody is either black or white in the boy philosophy, and the monotonous gray of later years has fortunately not yet appeared. While the war is ever present as a background and a very real one at times, the lives of the boys are not unnaturally upset by it. From Percy minimus, the lovable little first-former, to Travers major, the respected leader of the sixth, the whole gamut of boy qualities is run through. They exasperate by their self-confidence as often as they win affection by their frankness,—all inimitably described by the boys themselves, for the stories are told in the first person.



Though the present year has produced Tarkington's *Seventeen* and E. F. Benson's really notable school-boy story, *David Blaise*, the reader will probably place *The Human Boy* alone on the shelf he reserves for his favorites—the companionable books he would read again when opportunity offers—and purchase an extra copy to lend to his friends.

W. S. RUSK.

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OUR MILITARY HISTORY : ITS FACTS AND FALLACIES. By Leonard Wood, Major-General, U. S. Army. Chicago : The Reilly & Britton Company.

Scarcely any part of American history has been more subject to misconception—in the United States—than the history of our affairs military and naval. In educational circles during the last generation there was a constantly increasing tendency to decry the study of such things as harmful or of little account; while even when teachers were willing to give some attention to the subject, they were usually able to do little more than follow the tradition of explaining military history as it had been understood by a population essentially civilian, with small relation to martial science and military development in countries where war has been the profession of strategists and masters of changing military technique. Thus it happens that, although the American people have always been non-military and never at any time called to face singly a great military power, and have triumphed over puny antagonists or fought long-drawn-out struggles with terrible expense and waste and loss of life, this portion of their history was long represented as a record of actions glorious and successful, with the United States potent, invincible, and undoubtedly secure.

Doubtless we were safe at first, for we were away; and our independence once achieved, it mattered little to other powers how we held our course. When in the second half of the nineteenth century the world grew smaller, when nations drew closer together, and when our old isolation was gone, during a long while we did not perceive the changes, for we continued undisturbed. Europe was engrossed with its balance of power, and unable to harm us, if it would. So we developed in pride and pretension, stretching over continents and over far-distant island reservations and daring diplomatic doctrine. And our wealth increased until

we were a fabulous prize for marauders seeking plunder. Always our army was small, and scantily provided with reserves of munitions and men. But we went our way erect and proud and haughty and easily touched in national honor and ready to uphold ambitious diplomacy. Great alterations continued to metamorphose the world. The seas were narrowed by giant ships that crossed in days instead of weeks. Armies greater than our entire trained force might reach our shores months before effective opposition could be made ready; and conflicts, like the Franco-Prussian War, of nations prepared against nations unprepared, were settled in a little while, for military nations were equipped now with death-dealing instruments that made wellnigh infinite disparity between possessors and opponents not provided with them. But we knew little of all this, and thought not about it,—for we were endowed with the valor of ignorance.

It was the European War of 1914 that caused Americans to give to these matters some of the attention which patriots and well-informed men had oftentimes vainly sought to obtain. The awful changes wrought by the cataclysm abroad compelled a readjustment of values and a reconsideration of many things long taken for granted, at the same time that there was a vastly increased interest in everything relating to war. People began to feel vague and then urgent alarm about whether the United States were as safe from attack as was fondly assumed, and whether the military resources and the preparedness of the country were sufficient if ever emergency arose. Along with this quite naturally went a desire to examine again the records of the past relating to the experience of Americans in their previous wars, not so much for the purpose of ascertaining data as to re-interpret in the light of more intelligent criticism and of things which had suddenly assumed such enormous importance. Recently several excellent studies have appeared: the exhaustive work of Huidekoper, the more important contribution of Upton, and the admirable little volume here reviewed.

It is not necessary to say that General Wood is well qualified to write upon this subject, or that he has done it well. He has been foremost of late in fulfilling the patriotic duty of arousing his countrymen to perceive their inadequate military establish-

ment, and he has himself achieved distinction in military service. In part the book is obviously based upon Upton's work, but it contains also ideas which the author has expounded recently before numerous audiences. The writing is clear and pleasant, and the substance is weighty and deserving of attention.

There is small place for battles, victories, and martial exploits, such as one might expect to find in a military history. Rather it gives the plain story of our method and of our inefficiency in times past. It shows how the Revolution was fought mostly by means of a militia which enlisted for short periods, and constantly deserted, or withdrew when the period of enlistment expired, no matter what exigency Washington was in; how new soldiers had constantly to be trained; how we had more soldiers at the beginning of the conflict than at any time thereafter, our greatest force being about 90,000 in 1776 and dwindling steadily to less than 30,000 in 1781; how notwithstanding that nearly 400,000 men were enrolled during the war, yet at no time were there as many as 20,000 under Washington's command; how our efforts were clumsy, wasteful, and long drawn out, and in the end only successful because of aid received from France.

The story of our conflict with the Indians, of the War of 1812, of the Civil War, and of the War with Spain, is much the same. Always we were unready; always the militia was untrained and inefficient; always there was lack of equipment and ignorance of military technique; always disproportionate suffering, expense, and loss of life. From this record the war with Mexico is to some extent an exception, for then we were better prepared, and the militia not being available for service abroad, the war was fought with an unusually large proportion of well-trained men.

The lessons of the past have large import for the problems of now, for the defects of other times remain to these present days. Our regular military force is insignificant; a reserve scarcely exists; there is woful lack of officers to command the citizen armies which the country would have to call forth; there is scant stock of equipment and munitions; and large reliance is still placed upon a militia left in control of the several states.

The author urges that these defects be remedied while there is still time. Resources should be studied; materials and munitions stored up; national military forces should be placed altogether in the control of the federal government; and military service should be expected of all citizens as an obligation of their citizenship, boys and young men receiving, partly in connection with their youthful studies, military training, something after the manner of the system now prevailing in Switzerland or Australia.

The reviewer feels that in recommending this book—and he does recommend it heartily—he is doing service to readers and also to the country.

EDWARD RAYMOND TURNER.

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COUNTER-CURRENTS. By Agnes Repplier. New York and Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Miss Repplier is one of the few voices crying in the wilderness of American sentimentalism. We Americans find it so hard to see the world as it is and "see it whole"—the very thing the Greeks did with such increasing unconsciousness. Culture in the vital, comprehensive sense of open-mindedness seems so long in coming to dwell with any large section of our people. We are prone to substitute heart-mastery and dollar-mastery for head-mastery. It is for some such reasons as these, then, that a real treat is afforded to those who re-read the present essays by Miss Repplier collected from the *Atlantic* and the *Unpopular Review*.

With few exceptions,—Samuel McC. Crothers, Paul Elmer More, and a scant half dozen more,—Miss Repplier has the ability to see clearly both sides of the many problems of our complicated life. She is a conservative, possibly, but she does not condemn the new until it has been given a chance to show its value, and then only if it has been proved worthless. When both viewpoints have been assessed, she seeks to make a fundamental synthesis, and neither takes a headlong plunge after the latest fad on the slim evolutionary chance of its being the best, nor contents herself with looking backwards to see the only practical way of doing things. This does not mean that every reader will agree with all the conclusions drawn, but that there will probably

be general agreement, and that few will fail to applaud the attitude taken and the method of attack.

Writing in an easy, polished style, Miss Repplier considers many of the questions most discussed to-day. Here are a few of the titles: *The Cost of Modern Sentiment*, *Christianity and the War*, *The Repeal of Reticence*, *The Modern Immigrant*, *Americanism*; and in each case the rowing is up-stream, counter to the current of popular opinion. In one essay particularly, perhaps, many will rejoice and chuckle at the body-blows dealt to the quackery, so prevalent nowadays, about the "Schools of To-morrow." While candidly accepting many of the results of modern educational philosophy, she unsparingly ridicules the attempts, so often made by utterly incompetent teachers, to divorce interest from effort, learning by doing from learning by thinking, and in general the production of pupils who know a great deal about many subjects but who are not masters of a single one.

But whatever one's intellectual habits, the reading of such stimulating essays cannot fail to awaken thought, and thought when once aroused and given sufficient scope leads to mental breadth and poise—the guide-posts to the dwelling of culture.

W. S. RUSK.

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ATLANTIC CLASSICS. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Company.

Among the sixteen contributors to this volume there are a few who have won a high place in contemporary American literature,—such as Agnes Repplier, Margaret Sherwood, Dallas Lore Sharp, Walter Prichard Eaton,—but as a whole the essays exhibit a lack of vigorous and interesting personality, of high seriousness, and of grace of style. Miss Sherwood, in her essay "The Other Side," complains that nowadays we are "too insistently contemporaneous," and that we are "more and more breaking with the past." And Walter Prichard Eaton in his "A Confession in Prose" laments the lack of style in our magazine articles of to-day. Our cheaper magazines, he declares, are "almost blatant in their self-puffery" and "none the less cravenly submissive to what they deem popular demand." "The 'triumphantly intricate' sentence celebrated by Walter Pater would



give many a modern editor a shiver of terror. He would visualize it mowing down the circulation of the magazine like a machine gun." In conclusion Mr. Eaton makes a plea for "a more liberal choice of graver subjects and a more extensive employment of the essay form." From these two excellent essays—by Miss Sherwood and Mr. Eaton—we may take the text of our criticism of this volume of *Atlantic Classics*. As a whole the essays are "too insistently contemporaneous," for though one of them—Owen Wister's *Visit to Chenonceaux*—carries us out of the present, even here the writer, in characteristic American fashion, seems more concerned with describing his attempt to outwit an old concierge than with reproducing the historic and poetic atmosphere of the *beau pays de Touraine*. The experience of Stevenson,—“out of my country and myself I go,”—seems foreign to these Atlantic essayists, who deal in such subjects as: college life of the present, intensive living, the provincial American, the streets of New York, men in contemporary literature, the fashion of sleeping out-of-doors, the barber's chair, and the contented heart. Thus the subjects are often trivial and the treatment is frequently commonplace and flippant, with a noticeable striving after effect, savoring of smart, up-to-date journalism. The following passages illustrate this vice of style and this triviality of tone:—

“Just where by all accounts I ought to be sauntering without heed to time, studying the lovely texts which Nature has set down in modest type-forms selected from her inexhaustible fonts,—in the minion of ripening berries, in the nonpareil of crawling insect life, the agate of tendril and filament, and the 12-point diamond of the dust,—there I stride along and see little” (p. 182).

“I remember a barber—he was the only one available in a small town—who cut my left ear. The deed distressed him, and he told me a story. It was a pretty little cut, he said—filling it with alum—and reminded him of another gentleman whose left ear he had nipped in identically the same place. He had done his best with alum and apology, as he was now doing. Two months later the gentleman came in again. ‘And by golly!’ said the barber, with a kind of wonder at his own cleverness, ‘if I didn’t nip him again in just the same place’” (p. 247).

In the preface the editor (of the *Atlantic* as well as of this collection of essays) tells us that in answer to appeals from teachers in high school and college he has made this careful selection from his file so as to constitute "a kind of Atlantic Anthology, preserving the magazine's flavor and character and offering, as as it were, a sample of what it aims to be." Then follows in this same preface a bouquet of acknowledgments and of compliments to the various contributors for their "delightful," "agreeable," "inimitable" essays.

Twenty-five years ago, among the literary and critical journals of our country, the *Atlantic* occupied a position of unquestioned preëminence. To-day, with an eye to large circulation, in response to what it believes to be popular demand, the magazine has sacrificed much of its former prestige and lost a large part of its distinctive flavor and charm. And the change has been observed with the deepest concern and the keenest regret by its older readers and ancient admirers. The change is all the more serious, too, in view of the fact that in school and college the pressure is increasingly great to substitute the present-day magazine and daily newspaper in place of the true classics. Experiencing difficulty in arousing the interest of the modern college boy in Macaulay, Carlyle, Ruskin, and other great prose writers, many teachers throughout the country are yielding to this demand and have introduced into the classroom the *Outlook*, the *Literary Digest*, the *Atlantic*, and other magazines, to the great satisfaction of the circulation managers, but with what resultant gain in thought and expression on the part of the student remains to be seen. If the editor seeks to set his magazine up as a model of style for young and inexperienced readers, the burden of responsibility rests heavy upon him. Certainly the *Atlantic* editor in this volume of "classics" has not aimed very high, nor has he chosen his samples very wisely.

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THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE LIGHT OF TO-DAY. By William Frederick Badé. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.75 net.

From having been exalted for ages to the place of a fetish in public and private life, and having served as a code of daily

conduct, sometimes to the harm of humanity, the Old Testament within recent years has been removed from its lofty pedestal and by some people even put on a level with so-called secular literature. Archæological and scientific investigations have taught us that the book contains much that is childish and outworn in its views of the universe and in its moral and religious beliefs. As a not unnatural reaction many readers of to-day are tempted to deny its value as a guide to conduct or an aid to religious life. Teachers in our colleges and schools have again and again been astonished at the profound ignorance of the Old Testament displayed by their students, for in the home, if any portion of the Bible is still read, it is not usually the Old Testament. In our churches the reading of the First Lesson is a purely perfunctory part of the service and of little religious value, for the ministers cannot now, as they formerly did, take it for granted that the members of the congregation are familiar with any book of the Old Testament from which the selection is appointed to be read. Among many recent publications intended to correct such conditions and to restore the Old Testament to its proper place in the religious training of home and school, this volume by Professor Badé, of the Pacific Theological Seminary, is one of the best. A generation ago it would have been considered hopelessly heretical. To-day the value of such study consists in the fact that, ridding the whole subject of dogma and outworn theological doctrine, it presents the Old Testament to us in such a way as to appeal to our reason and help us to discriminate between what is primitive and crude in the religious thought of ancient Israel and what is worth while and permanent. Formerly the Church made the choice for us, but now the responsibility for such choice rests with each individual. Professor Badé's book sets forth a "frank evaluation of the morals of the Old Testament in the light of historical criticism," and is designed to "help students and teachers of the Old Testament to find a new and securer place for it in the religious thought of our time." Thus it exhibits the Old Testament, not as a complete and finished code of morals handed down from heaven by God's own hand and of equal historical and spiritual value throughout all its books, but as a record of religious experience, of slow and steady growth

in the knowledge of God and of His true character and ways of dealing with men. "The defence of truth by means of untruth," declares Professor Badé, "is one of the most serious obstacles which the Church of our day has to overcome." "For the harm lies, not in dealing with imperfect moral standards, but in failure to recognize them as imperfect." Thus to understand the Old Testament intellectually and to appreciate it spiritually, we need to revise many time-worn definitions of holiness, revelation, divine inspiration, and other similar terms (once the centres of fierce controversy), which have taken on a "variety of theological connotations that probably never entered the mind of an Old Testament writer." But the book is not destructive in its criticism; it is constructive. Frank, direct, logical, interesting in its appeal, scholarly and scientific in method, attractive in its style, it should have a wide sphere of usefulness in the home, in the Sunday school, and in the college.

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THE RELIGION OF POWER. A Study of Christianity in Relation to the Quest for Salvation in the Græco-Roman World, and its Significance for the Present Age. By Harris E. Kirk, D.D. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1916. Pp. 317.

These Sprunt Lectures delivered at Union Theological Seminary of Virginia are not a product of real research. Nor can it be said that the author succeeds in synthesizing the thought of St. Paul with that of Jesus. Furthermore, Dr. Harris has failed to take into account the apocalyptic movement in late Judaism, and does not seem to be aware of the present-day "Eschatological School" of Johannes Weiss, Schweitzer, Burkitt, and others. No matter; parts of the book have real power. We may quote one suggestive piece of constructive work and one felicitous illustration, both dealing with the central principle of Christian doctrine, the Atonement.

(1) "Professor William James has reminded us that there are three kinds of functions: productive, releasing, and transmissive ('Human Immortality,' pp. 13-14). We may apply these differences to the conception of justification. Justification is the productive function of the atoning of Christ, by which we mean that the status given the sinner before God is caused by the atone-

ment. Faith is the releasing function of justification, by which we mean that faith releases the power of justification, in individual experience. Peace is the transmissive function of faith, by which we mean that peace with God is communicated through faith in the righting power of God.

"The conception of justification is here viewed, not as one of a series of interdependent propositions, but as a link in a chain of redemptive causes" (pp. 215 f.).

(2) "Can a man have peace with God upon the assurance of pardoning love alone? The answer is provisionally yes, permanently no. Suppose you borrow money from a man and he deposits your note in a bank for collection. The note falls due and you cannot pay it, so you go to the creditor and confess the debt, admit that in spite of honest efforts you are unable to meet it, and throw yourself on his mercy. He forgives the debt and assures you of his friendship. Undoubtedly this relieves your mind for the time being, but how about the bank? Your plea will not be valid there so long as it holds your note. The mere fact of the pardon of the debt will not prevent a renewal of uneasiness, so you return to the friendly creditor, and he goes with you to the bank, takes up the note and destroys it in your presence. Your status with the bank is at once altered. Your peace is secured because the visible obligation has been destroyed. You are forever free from the debt. Why? Because the destruction of the note was a deed, while the pardon of the debt was a word only. The word of pardon was not effective until the obligation had been cancelled" (p. 230). T. P. BAILEY.

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A VOICE FROM THE CROWD. By George Wharton Pepper. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1915. Pp. 204.

Robust common sense, sweet reasonableness, sane sensitiveness, and delicacy of spiritual perception—these traits we expect to find in Mr. Pepper's performances; nor do we fail to discover them in this book containing a layman's advice to preachers. Then, too, there is a refreshingly spicy spirituality about some of the author's sly digs at the clergy and frank admissions of the limitations of the preached-at!



Some books can have justice done them only through the setting forth of samples of their goods. So it is with this heart-to-heart talk from a wise man free from affectation, condescension, and other forms of pseudo-godliness. Here, then, are some specimens of Mr. Pepper's stimulating wares\*:

"The spoken word is the message plus the man."

"To gain his message the preacher must lose himself in God. To give it carrying power he must lose himself in men."

"I can recall occasions in my life when the earnest, intelligent and reverent (public) reading of particular chapters has marked an epoch in spiritual experience."

"I am inclined to describe [reverence] as the atmosphere exhaled by a man who is aware of the presence of God."

"I do not know which is the worse: to lavish upon an idol the worship due to Almighty God or to comport one's self toward the Lord of Hosts in a manner that would be offensive to a graven image."

"I am an idolater if I make to myself any God but One of Whom universal Fatherhood may be affirmed. . . . If He is the God of all men everywhere, then a declaration of war, under the auspices of a national god, is an act of attempted secession from the Divine Commonwealth."

"By attention to one man's utterances I have satisfied myself that his idea of God is preventive medicine. I know others whose God is a sort of Honorary President of the Society for Organizing Charity."

"Some conceive God as concerned chiefly with municipal hygiene and the housing problem. Still others think of Him as willing to speak through our public school system although only on condition that in the system itself there should be no reference to Him."

"The essence of the preacher's task is to make men stop, look and listen for God."

"To pry into the affairs of others for one's own satisfaction is the characteristic of the busybody. To feign a concern for the welfare of those who can be of service to you is to be a syco-

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\*Quotations not arranged consecutively, but loosely grouped.

phant. To be capable of rejoicing with them that rejoice and of weeping with them that weep is to have in you the mind of the Master."

"People should be taught to talk less, think more and pray most."

"If, in the first place, a man really has his eyes fixed upon Our Lord, he is not likely to think in terms of sacrifice of the dedication of himself to the Master's service."

"I believe it to be an error in judgment to call for volunteers to teach in Sunday school and so to present the matter as to create the impression that the volunteer is doing the Church a favor."

"We must, as it seems to me, seek [Christ] and find Him in mystical communion; but what we gain at the altar we must spend on the world."

"The spread of the Kingdom is hindered because friend will not talk to friend about its coming."

"There are few utterances more dogmatic than those of thinkers who affirm that the creeds are outworn."

"The man who is ready to cheer an exhortation, to discard dogma and strive to spiritualise human society would at least ask for time to consider a proposition to wipe out the Constitution and the Supreme Court and instead to influence people to be just."

The book is a distinct challenge to both pulpit and pew.

T. P. BAILEY.

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THE WORN DOORSTEP. By Margaret Sherwood. New York: Little, Brown, & Company.

The story is written in the form of a diary by an American woman settled in England during the present European war. Her lover having been killed in the first year of the conflict, she seeks refuge in a little out-of-the-way village, hoping to find peace and solace in her sorrow. For a time she lives in the past, communing with the spirit of her dead lover, thinking only of him, working only for him, unable to understand or to measure the extent of her loss. With Madge to keep house for her and Madge's husband, Peter, to look after the garden, she settles

down to a quiet life, intending to shut the world and its cares outside. But soon the waves of war reach even to her remote nook, and she finds herself drawn out of herself and her own sorrows in aiding Belgian refugees. Though she is not blind to the faults of her adopted country, she comes to appreciate more fully than ever what England stands for: "liberty for the individual, fair play,—these watchwords of England are the hope of the human race. . . . Under her [England's] rule, the individual has his chance of self-government . . . he is not compelled to become a soulless cog in a gigantic conscienceless mechanism." So in the end she is comforted in the thought that her lover gave his life for the cause of human freedom, and that "life has no greater boon than a chance to die for one's faith." It is a simple, touching revelation of a keenly sensitive, sympathetic soul, told with kindly humor, delicacy, and charm.

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A COUNTRY CHRONICLE. By Grant Showerman. Illustrated. New York: The Century Company. \$1.50

Having achieved a reputation in the essay as a gentle humorist, Professor Showerman enters a new field as a chronicler of boy life and gives an account of a ten-year-old youngster's experiences on a farm in the Middle West. The boy tells the story in the first person throughout and describes old country dances, temperance lectures, talks on politics (which he hears at the store), the making of snow forts, the shovelling out of the road, the gathering and boiling down of maple sap, and many other rustic scenes and incidents. Thus we become intimately acquainted with nearly all aspects of farm life in the earlier days and learn to know and admire the splended qualities of some of the earlier settlers who came from the East to make their homes in a new section of the country. Seen through the boy's eyes it is a pleasant picture, but we can read between the lines something of the sublime courage and faith that entered into the characters of the sturdy pioneers. Though the Chronicle consists in rather a losely connected series of incidents in a boy's life, there is a unity of effect throughout both in the point of view and in the style, which, without depending on dialect or on the ungrammatical speech of boyhood, reproduces in fresh, clear,

truthful fashion the thoughts and feelings of a typical American country boy. As a sympathetic, realistic, humorous portrayal of boy nature, this *Country Chronicle* is worthy of a permanent place in our literature, and it has value as an accurate record of characters and conditions now fast passing away. The illustrations by George Wright are excellent.

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UNION PORTRAITS. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50 net.

PORTRAITS OF WOMEN. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50 net.

Mr. Bradford's previous books, *Lee the American*,—one of the most sane and sympathetic estimates yet made of the great Southern leader,—and his *Confederate Portraits*, have established his reputation as an analyst and interpreter of character. In these two volumes he extends his studies to include typical leaders of the North: McClellan, Hooker, Meade, Thomas, Sherman, Stanton, Seward, Sumner, and Bowles, all of whom he treats with impartiality and fairness. His characterizations are not only interesting, vivid, and individual, but also of historic value in the light they throw on various phases of the war between the States. His *Portraits of Women*, including Lady Mary Montagu, Lady Holland, Miss Austen, Madame D'Arblay, Mrs. Pepys, Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Deffand, Madame de Choiseul, and Eugénie de Guérin, are no less successful examples of what Mr. Bradford calls the "art of psychography." The purpose of this art, he explains, is to disentangle those habits, "the slow product of inheritance and training, from the immaterial, inessential matter of biography, to illustrate them by touches of speech and action that are significant, and by these only, and thus to burn them into the attention of the reader, not by any means as a final or unchangeable verdict, but as something that cannot be changed without vigorous thinking on the part of the reader himself." His portraits reveal a nicety of discrimination, a delicacy of touch, a refinement of taste, a keen sense of humor, psychological insight into character, as well as power of dramatic delineation.

HOW TO KNOW THE MOSSES. By Elizabeth Marie Dunham. New York and Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

This is a popular guide to the mosses of Northeastern United States, containing keys to eighty genera and short descriptions of over one hundred and fifty species with special reference to the distinguishing characteristics that are apparent without the aid of a lens. "If it were not for the mosses," we read in the Introduction, "it is difficult to say how barren the woods would be or how much beauty would be lost to nature." Scientific in arrangement, the book succeeds nevertheless in presenting the subject in a simple, non-technical way, and opens up a new source of enjoyment for us on our walks through the woods in winter. It is a practical guide for use either in home or school.

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY OUTLOOK UPON HOLY SCRIPTURE. By Edward Lowe Temple. Washington and Richmond: B. F. Johnson Company.

The first six chapters (pp. 18-57) are devoted to a discussion of the character and method of revelation; chapters vii-xxvii take up in detail the books of the Old and the New Testament; and the final chapter deals briefly with "The Bar of History." In his preface the author frankly and humbly disavows all claim to originality and quotes Montaigne: "I have here only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them together." The book is set forth "with the devout and humble prayer that, by the Blessing of God, it may prove to be of real service in His glorious cause." With all due credit for the author's zeal and sincerity and honesty of purpose, most readers will regret that he has not restrained himself within reasonable limits and reduced his book by at least one half of its present proportions.

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SIX ONE-ACT PLAYS. By Margaret Scott Oliver. American Dramatists Series. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00 net.

These little plays, written in prose, exhibit considerable range in subject and treatment. They are clever and readable, and suitable for amateur performance in the home or the school.



**THE OLD WIVES' TALE.** By George Peele. Edited with notes and an introduction by Frank W. Cady. Richard G. Badger. 60 cents net.

This edition is prepared with a view to the actual presentation of the play on the stage in school or college, and grew out of Professor Cady's experiences in presenting the play at Middlebury College in 1911.

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**THE NEW PURCHASE, OR SEVEN AND A HALF YEARS IN THE FAR WEST.** By Robert Carlton (Baynard Rush Hall). Princeton: The University Press. 552 pp., illustrated. \$2.

In 1818 the United States purchased from several Indian tribes that portion (approximately) of the present state of Indiana lying north and east of the Wabash river and comprising what is now thirty-seven counties. In 1823 Dr. Hall, a young Princeton graduate arrived in this new territory and for the better part of ten years labored as a pioneer teacher, being elected the first professor in the Indiana Seminary, now Indiana University. In 1843, after his return to the East, he published this book under the nom de plume of Robert Carlton. It met with great success, and in 1855, through the efforts of a New Albany, Indiana, publisher, a second edition was brought out. This edition, however, failed to reawaken public interest, and the book had been almost forgotten, until last year, when the Princeton Press decided to reproduce it. As showing the primitive conditions and describing the difficulties and hardships of the pioneer settlers of Indiana, it is of great interest to the historian, but its length and its style are such as to prevent it from becoming a popular success.

F. S. H.

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**ROY IN THE MOUNTAINS.** By William S. Claiborne, Archdeacon of Tennessee. New York: Edwin S. Gorham.

A plain, straightforward narrative of how Roy, born in Virginia just after the Civil War, saved up his earnings as bookkeeper and jack-of-all-trades to a railroad contractor, went to college, graduated, entered the ministry, and became rector of the mountain missions near his alma mater. It is a record of splendid determination, self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty, interspersed with realistic scenes of mountain life.

A SELECTION FROM THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. By James Boswell, edited with notes and an introduction, by Max J. Hezberg. New York and Boston: D. C. Heath & Company.

The attempt has been made in the actual selections to have Boswell tell (despite the large omissions) in his own words a story as nearly consecutive as possible, in which the gaps should not be too obtrusive.

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*Problems of Religion* by Durant Drake (Houghton, 1916) has the same merits as its companion, *Problems of Conduct*. Both of these text-books are interesting, clear, succinct, sane, stimulating, well put together. Professor Drake's "Religion" is exceedingly up to date, and is hence an exponent of "minimum" Christianity. But it is an admirable thing for college students and the cultured general reader to get clear-cut statements of a religion that can be confessed by reverent and rational minds. The author's acceptance of the "liberal Protestant" form of the "moral influence" theory of the Atonement is a sufficient indication that his plummet has not gone very deep. Nevertheless the book does much to make the study of religion an acceptable part of general culture.

T. P. B.

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Edgar W. Wright, Professor of Education in Trinity College, North Carolina, has written a text-book on *Public School Education in North Carolina* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916). The work is careful and scholarly, though not exactly exciting in its interest. On page 216 the author corrects one of Professor Albert Bushnell Hart's "inaccurate generalities." Says Hart (*Present South*): ". . . As for public schools, not a single Southern State had organized and set in operation a system before the Civil War." The author replies: "A careful study of conditions in other sections of the country shows a striking similarity to conditions in the Southern States." State Superintendent Joyner contributes the concluding chapter of the book.

T. P. B.

The American Book Company has recently issued some especially attractive text-books for school and college: *Contes de France*, by Albert A. Méras and Suzanne Roth, will prove an excellent book for beginners, containing stories "in which French thought, character, and ideals have been simply and clearly portrayed." Designed not only to acquaint the student with the French language but to also "instill an interest in and love for France, from the very beginning," the book includes brief notes on the historical and traditional backgrounds of each story. The illustrations are very attractive. *Modern French Stories*, edited with notes, exercises, and vocabulary, by Joel Hathaway, contains selections from the best living writers, such as Jean Rameau, Jules Claretie, René Bazin, etc., so as to give an idea of present-day literary French. The selections are well made and interesting. For intermediate reading in high school or college, an edition of *Gil Blas* has been prepared by Victor E. François and Jacob Greenberg. The story has been abridged and edited with material for conversation and free composition and with full vocabulary. The illustrations by O. F. Howard add no little to the narrative. Following the plan of his *First French Book*, James H. Worman has just issued a *New First Spanish Book*, after the natural or direct method, intended for schools and for self-instruction. Linguistic instruction is based on a direct appeal to pictorial illustration of the objects mentioned, and formal grammar is subordinated to conversation and reading. *A First Spanish Reader*, by Erwin Roessler and Alfred Remy, contains a great variety of short selections illustrating various types of Spanish life and character both in Spain and in Central and South America. A few short poems and some Spanish hymns, with music, are included at the end of the book. *Das Peterle von Nürnberg*, von Viktor Bluthgen, edited with introduction, notes, exercises, vocabulary, and a list of idioms, by Frederick James Menger, with illustrations by Charles F. Arcieri, is a charming, sentimental tale by a modern German writer, who celebrated his seventieth birthday two years ago. *Burg Neideck*, a novelle by another modern German writer, Wilhelm Heinrich Riehl, is edited with introduction, notes, and vocabulary, by Garret W. Thompson. "Aside from the natural interest of the

plot and the aimable character of the schoolmaster, in whom Riehl has erected a 'living' monument to the archivist of Reichenberg castle, the novel has intrinsic value as the exponent of his theories of novelistic structure and the importance of Kulturgeschichtlich content." *Immensee*, von Theodore Storm, edited with notes, exercises, and vocabulary by Louis H. Dirks. *America First*, by Jasper E. McBrien, contains addresses and poems on patriotic subjects and seeks "to furnish the teachers and pupils of our country materials with which the idea of true Americanism may be developed until 'America first' shall become the slogan of every man, woman, and child in the United States." On the whole the selections are good and the book should serve its purpose well. Charles Redway Dyer's *Elementary Economic Geography* is designed to meet a growing demand in the schools for a practical text-book dealing with commerce and industry. The book contains more than a hundred pictures to illustrate the text and to present a series of graphic pictures of economic life in many phases. The text has been made sufficiently elementary for grades seven to nine. It is a thoroughly practical, interesting school book. *Geology, Physical and Historical*, by Herdman Fitzgerald Cleland, Professor of Geology in Williams College, presents an outline of the essentials of modern geology for advanced college classes. "In the section on physical geology the human relation has been emphasized whenever possible, while in the historical section the history of life from the evolutionist's point of view has been taken up in broad outline." The text is illustrated by many photographs and block diagrams. *Robbins's New Solid Geometry*, by Edward Rutledge Robbins, is "designed, under good instruction, to develop a clear conception of the geometric idea, and to produce at the end of the course a rational individual and a friend of this particular science. . . . The original exercises are distinguished by their abundance, and their practical bearing upon the affairs of life, their careful gradation and classification, and their independence. . . . The attractive open page will appeal alike to pupils and teachers." *Practical English for High Schools*, by Lewis and Hosis, and *Business English*, by Hotchkiss and Drew, are both practical working manuals intended to develop in the

student the "power of effective communication of ideas in such situations as appear in ordinary life." Wiswell's *How to Use Reference Books* is an inexpensive book, practical, suggestive, helpful, which ought to find a place in school and college. *Christopher Marlowe*, edited with introduction and notes, by William Lyon Phelps, in the series of Masterpieces of the English Drama under the general editorship of Felix E. Schelling, contains *Tamburlaine* (both parts), *Doctor Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, and *Edward the Second*.

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Other books, some of which will receive fuller notice in a subsequent issue, have been received as follows: *The Rhythm of Prose*, by William Morrison Patterson (Columbia University Press); *Law and Love, and Other Poems*, by E. J. V. Huiginn (Richard G. Badger); *The Days of the Swamp Angel*, by Mary Hall Leonard (Neale Publishing Company); *In the Garden of Delight*, by L. H. Hammond (Thomas Y. Crowell); *The Observations of Professor Maturin*, by Clyde Furst (Columbia University Press); *Sunrise, and Other Poems*, by Fannie E. S. Heck (Fleming H. Revell); *The Wings of Song*, by Harold Hersey (The Library Press, Washington, D. C.); *Of Reformation Touching Church Discipline in England*, by John Milton, edited by Will Taliaferro Hale (Yale University Press); *Joseph Ritson, A Critical Biography*, by Henry Alfred Burd, *Studies in Milton Tradition*, by John Walter Good, *Illustrations from Mediæval Romance on Tiles from Chertsey Abbey*, by Roger Sherman Loomis, *Thomas Warton, A Biographical and Critical Study*, by Clarissa Rinaker (all from the University of Illinois Studies in Language and Literature); *Elizabethan Translations from the Italian*, by Mary Augusta Scott, the Vassar Semi-Centennial Series (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

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The first number of the *Theatre Arts Magazine*, an illustrated quarterly published at Detroit in November, February, May, and August, has just been issued from the University Press of Sewanee, Tennessee, under the editorship of Mr. Sheldon Cheney. Its purpose is "to help conserve and develop creative impulse in



the American theatre ; to provide a permanent record of American dramatic art in its formative period ; to hasten the day when speculators will step out of the established playhouse and let the artists come in." Though placing thus greater emphasis on stagecraft, the magazine does not fail to realize that the performers have sometimes gone too far in substituting mere decoration for good acting, the foundation-stone of the dramatic structure. The leading articles are : "The Cranbrook Masque," by Frank Tompkins ; "Acting and the New Stagecraft," by Walter Prichard Eaton ; "Cloyd Head's Grotesques," by Sheldon Cheney ; and "William Poel in America," by Stephen Allard. Under the editorship of Mr. Cheney, well known as a writer on the drama, assisted by such men as Charles Rann Kennedy, Percy Mackaye, Clayton Hamilton, and Walter Prichard Eaton, the magazine ought to make a place for itself and should accomplish much in its attempt to raise the ideals of stagecraft in the theatre of to-day. This first issue, handsomely printed and illustrated, is a credit to the Sewanee Press.